





THE INDIAN QUESTION.

YOUNG KONKAPUT,

THE

KING OF UTES,

AND

SHAWSHEEN, HIS MAIDEN QUEEN.



A LEGEND OF TWIN LAKES.

THE UTE-MEEKER MASSACRE.

By THOMAS NELSON HASKELL.

To the Readers of Konkaput.

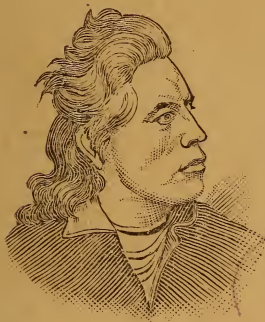
This cheap edition of Konkaput and His Key, illustrating the Indian Question and the Ute-Meeker Massacre, is issued in its present form for the immediate use of tourists in the Rocky Mountain region. It is hoped it will be interesting and useful to all lovers of our country and mankind. Owing to some obscurity in the table of contents, it is but just to say here, that our young Savage hero was rescued from suicide in the "Western Sea" by a fugitive who was strolling there then—before the war—and who afterwards shared Konkaput's cave, till Hugh Borgia, the reformed gambler and slave-trader, came and helped them to college; and at last, like them, gave his life for the cause of liberty, learning and the whole human race. An apology is perhaps due, also, for the inevitable errata that will be found.

In a few weeks the full volume, according to the title-page, will appear, both in cloth and paper covers, and will be for sale in the leading bookstores throughout the country. At present it will be chiefly confined to the railroad trade and the book stalls of this State.

JULY, 1889.

THE INDIAN QUESTION.

YOUNG KONKAPUT,
THE
KING OF UTES,
A
LEGEND OF TWIN LAKES.



AND
OCCASIONAL POEMS.

By THOMAS NELSON HASKELL.

DENVER, COLO.:
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1889.

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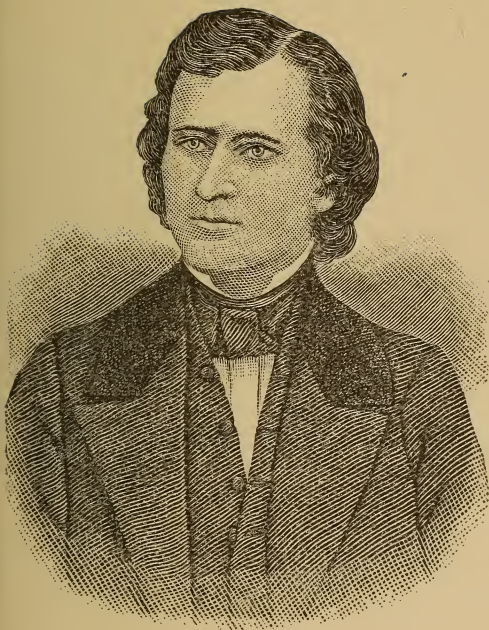
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ELECTROTYPED BY
FRANK REISTLE.

DEDICATION.

To the welfare of our colored races, and the entertainment of fair-minded people who desire the usefulness and honor of our country, the elevation and immortality of our Indian brethren, and the happiness and progress of American home life, this volume is cordially and respectfully dedicated by the author.



*Yours in haste and heartily,
Thomas Nelson Haskell.*

PREFACE.

This book is chiefly for American youth; but as men and women are matured boys and girls, it offers entertainment and instruction to persons of every age, race and sex, and if it shall afford them useful pleasure, it will of course be read, analyzed and passed along. It is, however, unambitious and only like itself. Its practical object is to impress upon our rising public some of the real deserts and difficulties of "The Indian Question in the United States," and incidentally treat of our relations to other races also. It was hastily written ten years ago, in a time of great popular excitement and personal sorrow over the sufferings and death of some of my near and dear friends, by savage treachery and cruelty.

The work was undertaken as a diversion from grief and from too great tension of mind upon other more solid writings then in hand. It is offered to the public now, in preference to other finished works, because it is lighter reading, and perhaps suited only to a temporary service. I need not say it is published with unaffected doubt and diffidence.

By the bloody tragedies of 1879, in Colorado, the ethics of our treatment of the Indian tribes was forced anew upon the attention of the civil world, and I commenced writing very rapidly upon the subject, in so discursive a manner as, intentionally, to go lightly over the whole ground, from sea to sea and from beginning to end, and by specific and supposed examples to suggest and illustrate nearly every phase of savage, civil and philanthropic life—blending and

contrasting character and conduct in the most entertaining and instructive ways possible in such a diversified and yet limited work. The book is on the plan of my "Last Lone Indian," published in Ohio years ago to please my students and a few antiquarians, in the "Western Reserve." It claims no peculiar merit of any sort, and is written in the simplest style of verse, because it is more suited to the subject and end sought, and would be the better diversion in that way ; also, poetic license and restraint seemed necessary to the proper blending of rude and cruel barbarism and Christian civilization and culture, such as must be done in the evolution of a true Indian romance now. I trust the leading characters will be found life-like and fit to live. Some disgusting features must of course appear in all true pictures of savage people. A little quiet burlesque will now and then be found upon similar follies of civil life, without referring the reader directly to them.

Being myself a firm believer in the "Bible as the Book of Christ" and in Bible reading as the essential basis of safety to our Republic, I have endeavored to create the best Biblical Christian hero that I could from an aboriginal barbarian, and to give him all the personal excellences which converted and pious savages have so far evinced. There is, however, about him enough of the fanciful and romantic to let the readers' imaginations revel and run at large as freely as they will. I give him the name of Konkaput, because by this a favorite Indian student who recited to me in college was known—though I have never heard from him since he "went west to find his dusky mate." I have called the heroine Shawsheen, both because that is the Indian name of a river on whose banks I courted my wife, and it is also easily converted into "God-bless-Susan," whom I shall amply describe, and of

whom humanity will forever feel proud. The representative of the negro race, Zinziba, is typical of many a fugitive in those dark and distressing proslavery days. The course of our country toward all the colored races is enough set forth to meet the essential issues in each case, and the book evolves the Indians' real and fancied rights and wrongs as fully as my imagination could, in so rapid and itinerant strides. In further explanation of the Romance and its Key, let me here reprint a letter from Milwaukee, published in the "Chicago Tribune;" October, 1879:

TRUTH STRANGER THAN FICTION.

Major Whitely, of Racine, formerly Indian agent to the Utes, is here in Milwaukee now, and has taken a deep interest in all that has lately transpired in connection with those savages. He says: "The Utes average better than most other western tribes, and are more susceptible to Christian civilization. They have the same relative grades of intelligence as white people, and always two political parties—one for peace and obeying treaties, and the other in favor of turbulence and plunder." In the three years of Major Whiteley's agency, he never discovered dissatisfaction or unkind feelings on their part toward him or the Government. This he attributes to the fact that he had restored to them their favorite young squaw, King Ouray's sister, who subsequently saved the lives of the Meeker women.

While on his way to the Hot Springs, in Middle Park, the Major was overtaken by a messenger from Governor Evans, who told him of the rescue of the Ute squaw from the Cheyennes and the Arapahoes by the United States soldiers at Fort Collins, Colorado. Those savages had captured this young woman in some recent raid against the Utes, and while encamped near the mouth of Cache le Poudre river, had determined to burn her at the stake. The United States Commander at Fort Collins, hearing of this, took a detachment of troops and, by alternate threats and promises, obtained her release, after she had been bound and the fire lighted.

This squaw was forwarded to Major Whiteley, and sent by him, under care of interpreter U. M. Curtis, to the borders of Utah, where she was received with demonstrations of great joy by her people.

The Major gave this Indian girl the name of Susan (or Shaw-sheen), meaning either a rose, or a shining river, a name which

she has greatly honored and by which she is still distinguished.

A remarkable coincidence in this case is that the Meekers were founders of the "Greeley Colony," which is on the spot where Susan was saved from death by white men.

We need no further preface than this now, except to record my gratitude to my artists, and to Messrs. Hooper, of the D. & R. G. R. R., and Wood & Tamm, of "The Great Divide," and others, who have aided in the illustration, printing and publishing of this hastily prepared book. Inevitable mistakes will be found, (such as canonizing the Canaanite, page 109, and inverting a fossil, page 116), but not more than occur in the best regulated book or household. I ought also to say, perhaps, that, while the work was written chiefly for the *young*, I have, when writing it, thought also of all sorts of readers—even of anonymous critics, of whom, however, authors think little, except as of gratuitous advertisers. I suppose no one will so severely review this book as could its own author, and yet I venture to send it forth on its mission, hoping, with all its faults, it may be well received by both the press and people of Colorado and in some other parts of our beloved country. At best,

It's a mere skirmisher on our frontier,
And put forth now as a rough pioneer ;
Like some Saint John, simply to lead the way
For deeper "Ethics" at an early day,
When I, to old and young, will make appeal
To love our Country, and its ills to heal !

T. N. HASKELL.

DENVER, COLORADO, A. D. 1889.

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UPPER TWIN LAKE.

YOUNG KONKAPUT,

THE KING OF UTES.

A Legend of Twin Lakes.

SCENES I.

THE BIRTH-PLACE, PAPPOOSE AND BRAVE PAPA.

It was the year of shooting stars, *
A date still memorable, indeed,
When heaven seemed turned to hosts of Mars.
And meteors fell in martial speed
As fiery orbs upon the earth,
Seen both by savage and by sage—
That brought King Konkaput to birth,
And prefaced many a printed page.
The place was suited to the time;
Upon the summits of the globe,
Where mountain echoes meet and chime,
And every climate wears its robe.
Saguache† and Park, with snowy chains,
Support it widely east and west,
In valleys where rich verdure reigns
And soft winds rock the woods to rest.
Near, tall Mount Lincoln's tempest speaks
Borean breaths of cool command,
While Yale and Harvard, southern peaks,
Responsive stand, in tones more bland;
Then Elbert rises nearer north,
And Peak La Plata in the south,
To telephone both back and forth
Great Manitou's‡ own word of mouth.

* The most remarkable phenomenon of shooting stars ever seen and recorded by man was Nov. 13, 1833.

† Pronounced Sa-wach.

‡ Manitou, Great Spirit.

Between Twin Lakes, here bosomed high, *
A wigwam opening to the east,
To see the sun ascend the sky
And usher in his natal feast,
Was the first home our hero had ;
Where infancy with fondling care
Arose in stature to a lad,
Well wrapt in robes of fox and bear.
His papa here, a high-born chief,
Both straight and bright and strong and brave,
Forebodes with fear the firm belief
His son will sometime be a slave ;
Some superstitious dream of his
Had filled with dread his future years,
Laid bonds on Indian liberties,
And forced fond hopes to yield to fears.
King Colorado was his name ;
Tradition traced far back his line ;
His family was one of fame
Who shared in lives that live and shine ;
And yet his name rose from red clay, †
Whence all the Indians have come down,
And the red race must pass away
If his one son should lose his crown.
The sons take not the names of sires,
But of the rocks, the bear, the crow—
As one deserves or else desires ;
As Ac-I-Apo-Co-Ego
Was called Red Snake, while King Red Eyes
Was A-Ca-Wa, and King Rain-Bow
Was Sa-Wa-Wicket, sage and wise,
And old Ne-Va-Va was White Snow.

* 9,442 feet above the sea.

† Colorado is derived from the color of the sand and clay along the river of that name, and signifies red earth.

The melody in many a name,
That his Ute race used oft repeat,
Seemed echoing forth some ancient fame
Of King or Sachem's power complete;
And whilom voices everywhere
Seemed sounding like a sougling sea,
And filling all the while the air
With annals of old ancestry.
The notes, which Nature near him whiled,
Moved constantly King Colorow's mind:
Whether she frowned or wept or smiled,
His soul seemed wistful as the wind;
And every name of man, or brute,
Or plant, or tree, or peak, or brook,
Was yet a missile to the Ute
Which nature runed like some rhyme-book.
Thus Unca-pa-gre, the Hot Spring,
Put name to Uncompahgre parks,
And lured his legends there to sing,
With music like the meadow lark's,
And Tomit, mountain, che for stream,
Made music like the mountain brooks,
When bright Tomichi's bounding beam
Danced like red damsels down the rocks,
Till Co-che-topa (valley river)
Stole down its way o'er the dark stones,
And, like quilled arrows from a quiver,
Sent touching whispers in its tones;
And Una wippas of the west,
Like Alequipas of the lakes,
Yet on the yellow rocks there rest,
And glide along like glistening snakes,
Then flow away like thin snow flakes. *

* Those who have seen mountain cascades pass from a serpentine stream into a frost-like mist can see nothing incredible in this description.

And over all there ever hung
One legend, that would always live,
Of tragic deeds told old and young,
And which the guiding Utes still give ;
For Colorado's great-grandsire
Lost his own life in Upper Lake,
In such a way Utes so admire,
They hence of him their hero make:

A hostile tribe, they say, came near
Where this high sachem held his tent,
In care twin daughters, kind and dear,
While he with braves a hunting went ;
And in his absence came the foes
And captive took the two young Queens,
And led them—so the legend goes—
To Upper Lake's most lovely scenes.
The noble King, brave Kaput named,
Returning, traced in wrath their trail,
And with fierce ire was so inflamed
He would at once their camp assail.
With bow and lance he beat the knaves,
And drove them down into the lake,
But with them sank to watery graves,
Nor left a soul report to make !
And so, these lakes have ever since
Been like two large and beauteous tears
O'er those two virgins, to evince
How Nature yet mourns their lost years.
The legend adds : " Hence Upper Lake
Amazed and awed the Indian mind,
And moved King Colorow to make
His campfire near in hope to find
Those maidens speaking to his mind ;
The King of Spirits speaking kind,
The world of spirits in the wind ! "

King Colorado (called Colorow)

Named Konkaput* his new born son,
Because the boy was bound to grow

A most mysterious, mighty one,
Who would be wise and wander far;

Whose powers, oppressed, should win by peace,
More trophies than triumphant war—

A sure success that ne'er shall cease.
He took the prince with solemn pride

To see his chiefs subordinate;
And as they set out, side by side,

Informed his squaw some unique fate
Would yet befall him, like his name; *

That the Great Spirit often spake
Of future most mysterious fame
To rise from life along this lake.

So by his wigwam we may see

A pappoose case, of perfect kind,
Stand facing long the storied lea;

And to the lee-ward of the wind
A hammock, too's, hung near with skill,

And filled with down in otter-fur,
So soft a pappoose there keeps still—

So still his eyes alone can stir—
While soft winds rock him as they will.



* Konkaput, the close locked casket.

SCENES II.

THE QUEEN PIESSE PROUD OF PAPPOOSE.

Those comforts were for Konkaput,
Our hero into history born;
His eyes, when not in slumber shut,
Oft sparkled there like dew at morn,
And moved his Indian mother's smile
As she'd catch up her constant cares,
And with good cheer her child beguile—
Nor could she rest in rocking chairs!
This mothers' pious name, Piesse,
Was quite appropriate for the Queen;
Her dutious soul, with tenderness,
Wore nature's mold, with nothing mean;
She bore herself with benign air,
With all the royal will required;
Her features, too, were fit and fair—
Of all the Utes, were most admired.
Her father fancied her foretold
As mother of a mighty chief,
Who should become a sachem bold,
And send his race unknown relief.
She, too, seemed sharing prophesy,
And from a child was cherishing
The hope her son, a sovereign high,
Would save the Utes from perishing.
"She saw he was a proper child;"
Foresaw his future full of fame,
And set to music soft and wild
Each hopeful mention of his name.
Her song seemed sung by birds and bees;
'Twas varied, yet a buzzing sound,
And, like the breeze among the trees,
She rhymed at ease its endless round,
With pious love and peace profound.

Hear Piesse sing :

“In his swing, Konkaput is King.”

Konkaput, my pappoose kingly,

Little hearts-ease, lay thee here,

While beneath the boughs I swing thee

In the skin of speckled deer.

Like the pouch of young opossums,

Sleeping sweetly as they swing,

Lullaby 'mid birds and blossoms,

While I sing : Konkaput is King !

Lo ! ye mocking birds, attention !

Hear the words of hope I sing,

And then make repeated mention :

“In his swing, Konkaput is King !”

Let the branch with robin red-breast,

Let the lark on lofty wing,

And the oriole near her thread nest,

Swing and sing : Konkaput is King !

Let magnolias like the mandrakes,

That in air their odors fling,

And tall forests o'er the fern-brakes

Wave and sing : Konkaput is King !

Hear the pine trees and the pumas,

And the prey on which they spring,

And the distant Montezumas,

All proclaim : Konkaput is King !

Hear all white men and all red men,

Everywhere and everything,

Join all live men and all dead men

To declare : Konkaput is King !

Manitou ! Great Spirit, grant me

Blessings more than man can bring !

May no princess e'er supplant me ;

Make my Konkaput a King !

Areouski, † make him King !!

“In his swing, Konkaput is King !”

† The Indian God of Wars, like Ares, Mars.

SCENES III.

THE PAPPOOSE AND HIS RULING PASSION.

The scenes around that simple tent
 Were beautiful, sublime and grand !
 For every way the wanderers went
 Doth Nature stand on either hand,
 With mountain cliffs or meadow lawn,
 Or crystal lake, or snowy peaks ;
 And every day from early dawn
 Some special voice, all viewless, speaks,
 And wakes the ear to wondering awe ;
 Here Konkaput, in time and place,
 First woke to consciousness, and saw
 The beauty found in Nature's face.



The first he recollects of sight
 Was Indian horsemen hunting deer
 Until the herd, in hurrying fright,
 Came closely by and halted near.
 When gazing thus at these gazelles,
 A fawn fell lifeless at his feet ;
 And hence at once his bosom swells
 With passion like scenes to repeat.
 As Nimrod and as Hagar's son,
 His flesh and bones burned with the flame



Of such excitement—to see run,
 And stop, and fall—the staggering
 game !
 “A mighty hunter ” he must be ;
 With bow and arrows urge the chase,
 Where deer and panthers roam and flee
 Before the chargers of his race ;
 The bison, beaver and the bear
 He'll hunt, and fell them at his feet,
 Their skins to dress, their furs to wear,
 Their flesh to “jerk” or broil, and eat.

Here, too, his mother used to make
The suckling fawns to savory meat,
And with her pappoose oft partake
Of fish and fowl, once fair and fleet;
So, brought him closer to the breast
Of Nature, to drink in her breath,
And on her heaving bosom rest,
And draw in life from love and death.
The filial feeling thence awoke,
While Konkaput first crept and stood
Around the small camp-fire's smoke,
And gave him hope of highest good,
In trophies of that truant life,
Where sires roam wild through wooded scenes,
To fetch home game to hut and wife,
And feast thereon like Kings and Queens.
No wonder, then, if he run wild,
Nor wish for wisdom in his ways,
To change the impulse of the child
And the direction of his days;
He's born and bred an Ishmael,
An Indian is his being's end—
An angel Indian? Who can tell?
If the All-father will befriend!
Even savage nature has a heart
That beats responsive to the right,
When the far future feels its start
In sense of unseen sovereign sight
Of some One over all supreme.
Though aims of living are its end,
When the bright heavens above us beam,
Lives need not end where now they tend—
So Konkaput Heaven calls her friend!

SCÈNES IV.

HE PANTS FOR 'A PARD HUNTER'S FAME.

We saw the sire and the home-scene,
And paused to hear the proud Piesse
Sing what a mother's instincts mean,
In tones of princely tenderness,
Along the legendary lakes,
Where our young hero had his birth,
And where his passion still partakes
Of pulsate Nature—Heaven and Earth.
The highland lad here, loving, lives;
He sees his likeness in the lakes,
Where every cloud its color gives
And mountain peak its pattern makes;
He sings and jumps sometimes for joy
To see a water nymph so near,
So near his build, a half-nude boy,
Formed, like himself, without a fear!
He casts in pebbles from the shore
To see the circling waves expand,
As coming life feels long before
The impulse that pours o'er the land.
He plows his feather-plumed canoe
Across the water's ruffled face,
And tries most artful tricks and true,
Obeying instincts of his race.
He triumphed, too, in all he tried,
Till muskrats, mephits,* minks and mice,
Hares, foxes, birds and fishes died,
By means of his unmatched device.
And each achievement of this kind
Did fuel add to fond desire,
To capture even the human mind,
And make men dread him, or admire!

* *Mephitis Americana*, the "chicago" or skunk which the Indians admire and catch without awaking its offensive odor. See also fitchit or the European polecat, whence the fitch-furs.

Like him who once in Hebron slept,
And dreamed of bending sheaves and stars,
As Morpheus o'er his members crept ;
So he dreams oft of hunts and wars,
While wildwood sirens, waiting, sing
Of laurels wreathed, all round the land,
"For Konkaput, the coming King,
Born both to counsel and command !"
By day he drifts, by night he dreams,
His mind glides on like morning's glow ;
Before him some bright future seems—
It seems so bright it's surely so !
His father, Colorado, tells
Him, too, the tales of other times,
Until his young heart heaves and swells,
And beats almost like belfry chimes.
One day at eve, by the tent door,
He stood attuned to storied deeds,
Such as were told him times before,
When lo, Colorow came from the reeds.
And rushed to view, as Indians run,
And gladly down the slopes did glide
With squirrels for his squaw and son,
And wearing a young lion's hide !
This startling garb seemed still so good,
Hung both before him and behind,
That Konkaput quite captive stood
To mighty motives in his mind,
And praised his sire's so proud success,
Whose costume so became a King,
In princely words we here express,
That all may catch their echoing,
And join the very trees to sing.



The Son's fond Song to his faithful Sire,
 Till echo sets the scene afire—
 Piesse's soul did it inspire :

“O trusted father, fond and true,
 Choicest of Utes, their chosen Chief;
 The noblest man earth ever knew,
 Whose boldness is beyond belief,
 Thy son doth sing, thy deeds as King,
 Till in thy praise these mountains ring,
 And o'er the Lakes are echoing.

I hail thee, Chief of all the Utes!
 Whose feathered arrow never fails
 To bring at will the wildest brutes,
 And tassels well our tent with tails!
 Thy son will sing, thy ways as King,
 Till in thy praise the mountains ring
 And hills to hills are echoing.

Hail ! wildest hero of the wood !
 Hail ! gladdest hunter of the glen;
 Whose bow doth find back-loads of food,
 Whose mind outwits wild beasts and men !
 Thy son still sings, thy race of Kings ;
 With sounding praise the welkin rings,
 And all around are echoings !

Hail ! hail ! all hail ! my high-born sire !
 Praise, louder than the lion's pride,
 These fearless scenes have set on fire
 With song, to march the mountain side,
 And always sing, their warrior King,
 Till even the rocks around me ring,
 And with my words, on wandering wing,
 Shall age on age come echoing !
 Hio ! Hio !—Echo !—Echo !
 Hio !—Echo ! Hio !—Echo !”

Thus Konkaput felt kindling fires ;
The cravings for the furrier's craft,
The peltry dealer's pent desires,
Till loud with chuckling cheer he laughed,
And paced along his parent's path,
First on the left, and then the right,
Till he sees all his fond sire hath,
Then says in praise : "O pretty sight !"
He takes the squirrel's tasseled tails,
And waves them round in every way ;
Their fur, like fancy, never fails
To gratify—red, black and gray—
With its variety and warmth of view—
What princes everywhere must prize—
And specially it's always new
In this young Utes admiring eyes !
He put the skins of the two pards
Then round his person, and with pride
Marched down the mesa many yards—
Much like the ass in lion's hide—
And frightened beasts and birds away ;
Then turned around upon his heel,
And prancing back, both proud and gay,
Thus to his parent made appeal :

"When next you go for such nice game,
O take your Konkaput along !
I pant for a pard hunter's fame,
And feel brim-full of fire and song !
Again, hio ! a hunting go !
And when you go, take me along !
O yes, hio ! a hunting go :
I'll string anew my stoutest bow,
And stride a hunter, hale and strong !
Echo ! Hio ! Echo ! Hio !

SCENES V.

WILD HORSEMEN CHALLENGE TO THE CHASE AWAY.

Just here—the game given to the squaw,
The weary Chief wiping his face—
A score of huntsmen hither draw,
To challenge for the yearly chase.
They 're warriors real, with weapons rude,
With plumage plucked wild in some place
Of nature's noblest solitude,
And groomed on steeds with startling grace.



As they came round the sandy coast,
Advancing fast in Indian file,
The Lake reflected the fleet host,
And looked like an inverted isle.
These cavaliers had hither come,
With bows and spears both sharp and strong,
To hail their Chief, to cheer his home,
And sing to him their hunter song:

(O hear them call to hunting all !)

Come! To the prairies let us go,
And hunt the herded buffalo:

Come, come! to the plains where the rivers flow,
Where bisons range and the grasses grow;
The full moon shines, the skies are clear,
We'll kill wild bulls all unawares,
And gather robes for many a year,
And take ourselves true, honest shares.
O, come! to the prairies we will go
And hunt the wolf and the buffalo.

Come, come! Come, come! now let us go
For the buffalo, on the plains below;
While moons are bright the livelong night,
We'll dress like bison, wolf or bear;
We'll seem their friends, even in their fright,
And kill our Sheik a kingly share.

O, come, to the prairies let us go
For coyote, wolf and buffalo!

Come, come! O, come! Come, come! Now, come,
To the plains afar, to the plains below.

Our squaws we'll charge with all good cheer
Pappooses all to keep with care,
While we gather goods for many a year,
And give our Sheik the lion's share.

O, come, to the plains, afar, below,
For the antelope and buffalo!

Come, come! to the prairies we will go!
Hoop, hoop, hallo! Hoop, hoop, hallo!
A hunting to the prairies go!



SCENES VI.

THE MOUNTAIN FOREST MELTS TO FIRE.

The squaw, Piesse, those squirrels dressed
 Meantime, and cooks them on the coals;
 While her rude chief, stretched out for rest
 Upon a pile of skins and poles,
 Reports his day's adventures all—
 How he had found a lion's* lair
 Beneath torn rocks, both rough and tall,
 And saw two young ones sleeping there;
 That then with flint he struck a flame
 That set the bushes in a blaze;
 For if the old dam hither came
 He could her instincts thus amaze,
 And then her young cubs catch and kill
 And bear their beauteous hides as prey.
 Here stops the tale—all start to fill
 Their mouths with squirrel, black and grey,
 In a most rudimental way.

At just this moment rose the moon
 As red as scarlet on the height,
 The air grew hot, as if high noon,
 And crystal peaks wore crimson light;
 The woods all blossomed into blood,
 The evening melted into ire,
 The loftiest tree tops lurid stood,
 The forest roared with wind and fire!
 The wild fowl flew before the wind,
 The frantic eagles screamed with fright,
 The foxes hied new holes to find—
 The flames exposing all their flight—
 The young coyotes came out in pairs,
 And many bruins, moved by fears,
 Came forth and sat, as if at prayers,
 And wiped their face from smoke and tears.

* The puma or panther is sometimes called the North American lion.

The wolves and lions howling stood,
And eyed the glow with angry glare ;
Bewildered elk leaped from the wood,
Then snuffed the air in mad despair ;
While Indian ponies pawed and neighed,
As if bound to a burning stall ;
Even their fierce riders are afraid—
The scene is consternation all !
Still Colorado, cool, commands
To seek tepees tormented so,
And bring together all their bands,
To parks below, in haste to go.
Two tethered bronchos then are brought,
For both the Chief and squaw to ride,
And Konkaput, as quick as thought,
Is also mounted at their side ;
And off they ride—all hands astride—
Pell-mell, up, down the mountain side.

(Nota Bene !)*

[The wanton wild man of the wood,
Whose instincts never understood
The use of timber or of trees,
Would sooner smelt the woods to smoke,
Than use his strength in one wise stroke
To save the trees to serve and please.
Indeed, an Indian Chief one day,
Fired all a farmer's fields of hay
Because his wagons frightened game ;
And several times the seedling grain,
That lay like gold plate o'er the plain,
Has caught the same clandestine flame.]

* 'Twould add to Twin Lakes a double charm to have the primeval forests back again, which have been destroyed by such Indian fires, though the woods there were never such, perhaps, as the imagination here has made.

SCENES VII.

THE PORTRAITS OF THE PARKS.

King Colorado called his own
Olympian Heights, and all between,
In which some seven parks are known,
Broad, beautiful in breadth and scene.
These—North and Middle, South and East—
Like chains of lakes, lie stretched along
Where ancient oceans foamed their yeast,
And white-plumed sea-gulls piped their song.
Here, down from Rocky Mountain heights
Roll rivulets and rivers grand,
Till old sea-beds are changed to sights
Of life and beauty on the land.
These valleys all, diversified
With light and shadow, shape and life,
Are Colorado's Kingly pride,
And every rood worth regal strife.
First, Park Egeria peaceful lies—
Twin sister to North Park, it seems—
And weds together earth and skies,
And with untiring wonders teems.
Here Tombenarrow towers high,
And stands still pointing to the stars ;
While old Tymponus, sleeping nigh,
Looks like a lion lined with scars.
And where he lies—a lazy sphynx—
Are hooting owls and haunting elves,
And many an Indian maiden minx,
Whose echoes answer to themselves.
Here Yampa River has its source,
Where bears and beavers both retreat ;
And the Gore Range rears grand its course,
With flowery summers at its feet.



Then North Platteau next names the Platte,
Where augiles rise like rabbits' ears,
And antelopes, both large and fat,
Fly back and forth on wings of fears ;
There, wind and weather work together
To carve grand forms with grotesque grace—
Birds of a feather there flock together,
And facts and fancies fill the place.
Three kingdoms are in contact here
To bring to view abounding wealth,
And yearn for some forthcoming year
To start them out as if by stealth.
For mines there hid in mountain's side,
And grass and meat grown at their feet
Shall prove North Park's exhaustless pride,
In each of which the parks compete.
In Middle Park Grand River springs
From where the sweet Still Water flows ;
The loon sits on the lake and sings,
While summits watch, enrobed in snows ;
And heated sulphurets lie hid,
Whence healing fountains from below
Rise up to bless—when man shall bid—
And all their healing virtues show.
Three thousand miles of mingling view
Outspread before the spirit's eye,
At every step with something new
Makes this vast meadow lifted high—
Eight thousand feet above the sea—
A world of wealth and wonders wild
Appear, and beam with what will be
When he is old who's now a child.



Next east of this, sweet Estes Park,
As peaceful as a pious soul,
When lighted by some heavenly spark
That doth from dazzling fixed stars roll,
Is beautiful beyond compare,
With winter heights and wooded haunts,
And intervalles intensely fair,
And rocks and rivers plumed with plants.
One Park of Monuments appears—
The work and wear of viewless air
That pulsates past like yearning years,
And leaves its lasting footsteps there ;
And one, San Luis—lofty one—
So warm and wide, so watered well ;
Its Blanc Sierras kiss the sun,
And the Ute Kings there love to dwell.



Another, nearer the Twin Lakes,
A land of hope for earth and Heaven,
A broad and deep impression makes
If once its outline be well given.
Fair Mount Rosalia rises there
In all her grandeur's graceful mien ;
And snow-white altars in the air
That call to prayer, contour the scene.
The wide spread surface set within—
More than two thousand landscape miles—
Hath wondrous hues, the heart to win,
Like to a thousand tinted isles ;
Embosomed half in a blue haze,
Which look like homes in holy lands,
With here and there sweet song of praise
To welcome back earth's homesick bands.

This park, nine thousand feet above
The surface of the far-off sea,
Holds in its landscapes scenes of love,
Rare and romantic as may be.
Salt Basin, this South Park is called—
Bayou Salada (del Castile)—
With all its sides so amply walled,
Wild men well there may welcome feel.
There squads of Indians and their squaws,
With Konkaput, their Chief's own son,
Without restraint by leagues or laws,
Are free as melted snow to run;
And as the heated forest drives
The molten tide from mountain tops,
They flee the fire, as for their lives,
To the open parks, where its power stops.
So the hot hurry to this place,
And flurry in each frightened camp,
Exchanged the "challenge for the chase"
Into the muffled tramp! tramp! tramp!
Where the half-mounted motley herd
Are hurled adown the hazy glen,
Through smoke that smothers many a bird,
And would have mastered other men.
But, "no great loss without small gain,"
And "ill the wind that blows no good!"
Hence, while fire flakes fall down like rain,
And leave black stubs where forests stood,
The game too goes to park or plain,
And thither does good Colro go.
We'll see his tent soon tied again,
Where mountain streams meandering flow,
And mountain zephers mingled blow.



SCENES VIII.

SOCIAL PASTIMES IN SOUTH PARK.

Right soon we see extemporized
An Indian village in South Park:
In chasing bison, the most prized,
They are unable to embark,
For fortune in misfortune reigns;
The fires have spoiled their outfits so
They're ill prepared, on open plains,
To hunt the herded buffalo.
But still, the mountain elk and sheep,
And bleating droves of black-tail deer,
Crowd to the parks to graze and sleep,
And make this a grand hunting year.
Their venison all Indians prize,
And daintier tastes do not demur,
Nor do the braves bear meat despise;
And bears and foxes both have fur.
So wigwams soon there, full and warm,
Will wait for winter in advance;
The park will prove a well-stocked farm,
Misfortune change to fairer chance;
And it's surprising once to see
How soon rude people set to rights,
And feel at home, happy and free,
For day's delights and sleep o' nights.
With merry thought the men make thongs
For snares; set traps and pits and pens
For wild fowl, wolves and bears; while songs
Are gliding up the sylvan glens
Where squaws and maidens meet and greet,
And skin and dress the skunk* and deer,
Their rare old romances repeat,
And each the other chafe and cheer.

* This pretty (though offensive) creature's spotted skin was greatly prized by Utes for caps, small cushions and the like.

They never practice wit for praise ;
Yet sometimes join in serious jest,
And dote on other scenes and days
And blandly wish each other blessed.
Though not loquacious, coarse and loud,
Their wildest stories wear the stamp
Of quiet humor, quaint and proud,
Which calls much cheer into their camp.

King Colorado keeps his lodge
Beside a rolling river's song,
Where speckled trout both sport and dodge,
And breezes lure swift birds along.

Here children come and play and romp
And rest above the river's bank,
While Konkaput with kingly pomp
Repeats the story of his rank.
Conscious of power to command,
He here retails the tales of old,
And tells his hopes that near at hand
Good times will come of peace untold ;
He utters dreams from ether drawn,
Where the Great Spirit grants him views,
Which show a day shall shortly dawn
That white men call God's spell, good news.
His language is so full of love,
Yet laden with so much of law,
He seems inspired from above ;
And children, charmed, around him draw,
Till all seem loving the lone boy
That lived and loitered by the lakes,
And as they join to share his joy,
Himself their master soon he makes !



Among the boys, plumed for his play,
 And full of promise and of praise,
 Is one called Arrow (King Array),
 Who will win laurels many ways.
 And Arrow's sister, by his side,
 The fair Shawsheen, here first we find—
 Her kingly brother's queenly pride—
 And made like him in look and mind.

These three become so much attached,
 And mingle arts with so much ease,
 The trio are so truly matched,
 Their pleasures each beholder please.
 As ardent friends they often met
 For sports in a secluded spot,
 With feelings they could ne'er forget,
 And give us scenes not soon forgot.
 To suit such choice and charming scenes
 King Konkaput—they call him king,
 Though he was yet scarce in his teens—
 Used to his guests rich offerings bring ;
 While they, responsive to this rare
 Provision, came and all compete,
 Till, as if stowed by squirrel's* care,
 Each niche is filled with nuts and meat.

This spot secluded, which we speak,
 Is worthy of a willing space ;
 'Twas by a limpid, laughing creek
 That trembling held each truant face
 Which o'er it bent with beaming eyes,
 And watched therein the passing waves
 That shook, or seemed to shake, the skies,
 And guide the stars to silent graves.

* The American squirrel gathers excessive winter supplies and stows them away in their hollow tree homes with astounding skill and care.

Its water was both warm and cold,
From a hot spring and highland snow,
And gaily sang o'er sands of gold
Which were laid bare in beds below ;
And, Minne-ha-ha-like, its voice
Seemed always singing in their ears
A merry laugh, which said : "Rejoice !"
And dew-like, cheers, even with its tears.
This branching creek, or babbling brook,
Was but a narrow space above
The royal lodge ; yet none could look
Into that "little lower of love"
But by a walk of willow trees,
Which swayed at ease, as nests are swung
Of oriole, touched by the breeze
That rocks to rest her twittering young.
Quite near this nook another brook—
A sighing branch of the same tree,
As rivers and their tributaries look—
Made melancholy melody.
'Twas just above the intervalle,
Where weeping willows used to wave,
And sad winds swept with solemn wail,
As if beside some new-built grave.
Indeed, a Chief had fallen there
From chos'n ill-fortune in the chase ;
He here pursued too near a bear,
Which halted for a little space,
Then on pursuer turned with power,
To fold the brave in firm embrace,
And there did half his flesh devour :
Hence "Weeping-Water" is this place.
Here unseen echoes sing, "Cuckoo,"
Like tones along Lake Titikaka,
Till Weeping Waters—Minne-Bo-ho—
Meet Laughing Waters—Minne-Ha-ha ;

Then Singing Daughters of the Sun
Come down and close in dance the day
With modest Maidens of the Moon,
Just bending round her borrowed ray.
There twilight glides in twain-lit glances
As slowly come kind hours for sleep,
And Indian damsels mingle dances,
Where weeded sorrows sat to weep ;



There on the mead in moonlight hours
Young chiefs and squaws exchange their loves,
With bunches of wild fruits and flowers,
“And bill and coo, like courting doves.”
Though these are quite forgotten now,
They named these spots Nevava Spring ;
The bend below was the “Rain-Bow,”
Both worthy of remembering ;
For native parks had ne’er a place
More pleasing to the passer by,
Nor running waters ever trace
An iris sweeter to the eye,
Or purl a purer symphony.

SCENES IX.

KONKAPUT KILLS AN ELK, AND IS CROWNED KING
BY ARROW'S SISTER, QUEEN SHAWSHEEN.

In that stand-point one still may see
Bayou Salada, the South Park,
In all its vast diversity
Of form and outline, and remark
The Salty Basin where the deer
All like to graze and lick the ground,
And drink their fill without a fear
Of either death or danger round.

About this deer-lick, at noonday,
The antlered stags all stand at ease,
And wait, as if the willing prey
Of ambushed Indians on their knees,
With arrows aimed and bows all bent;
And often, too, from neighboring trees,
Full rounds of such artillery sent,
Pierce just the hearts the archers please.
The sight is grand, when boys—half grown
Young chiefs—thence dauntless chase the deer
Among the cliffs, till all alone,
With antlers lifted high and clear,
Some tall buck stops upon his throne,
Confronts his foe, yet stamps with fear,
Falls to the ground without a groan,
And makes the mountains ring with cheer.

'Twas thus one day that Konkaput,
With bow of oak and arrows, led
The chase for elk above the hut
Of Arrow's sire, who saw the red
Blood in full bloom upon the bluff,
And sent his young squaw to inquire
If for his elk he'd help enough,
Or her assistance he'd desire.

It was the custom, in such case,
For squaws to come upon the scene
And help bear trophies of the chase
Down to be dressed upon the green;
While they extol the virtues all
Of the young brave, whose black locks wave,
And o'er him fall like funeral pall,
As he stands stern, demure and grave.
So, Konkaput in silence stood,
Where the large elk expiring lay,
When Shawsheen came, with weapons good,
To help him bear his beast away.
But ere she spoke she broke the spell
That bound him to the bleeding spot,
For long ere this he loved her well
Who thus had hied to share his lot.



Her form and face are more than fair,
Her forehead bears a feathered band
Which she has bound with her black hair,

With loving heart and well learned hand,
A wampum wreath, apportioned well
With beads, and quills from a red wing—
She tossed this lasso, and it fell
On Konkaput, and crowned him King.
Then several mighty, supple men
Find the fresh game and fetch his frame,
Still warm and glaring, down the glen,
Singing the name now wreathed with fame ;
While from the heights, with frantic joys,
Come winding down upon their way,
The shouts of bounding Indian boys,
Whom the brave elk had kept at bay.
The giant moose all join to dress,
In honor of the proud young prince ;
The pale red flesh all round confess
“The best they ’ve seen, before or since.”
The horns stretch out from hand to hand
Of So-Bo-Tah—or Chief Big Track—
And like a towering oak tree stand
When poised on Pa-Ant—Tall Man’s—back.
And as he prances round with pride,
And pushes Pe-Ah—Black Tail Deer—
Who goes all fours, with horns and hide,
The welkin rings again with cheer.
Then, with instinctive zest and zeal,
They all awake to antics wild,
Just as their fancies chance to feel—
From the old Chief to youngest child.
Then Su-Pi-Ah, old Lodge-Pole’s son,
Points out to Arrow, or Array,
Chief Chu-A-Wich, who starts to run—
(His name means Long Tail Deer, they say)—
An arrow flies, that, by mistake,
Hits Sob-An-Ich-I—Wounded Breast—
Then all around an arrow break,
And sing this closing song with zest :

Hear them sing,
 As o'er the scene their voices ring :
 Shawsheen is Queen ! Konkaput King !
 Konkaput King !

“ This is the Chief who brought to grief
 The wildest warrior of the wood ;
 He shall employ—foes to destroy—
 Great will and skill to do us good !

This is the boy—Piesse's joy—
 His kingly father's fame and crown,
 Whose youthful days deserve the praise
 Of all the realm for his renown !

He shall be King, let all Utes sing,
 When King Colorow is called away ;
 And we shall see His Majesty
 Is more majestic every day !

As hours advance, make honored dance
 In royal round of Indian ring,
 Till echoes bring back what we sing :
 ‘ Brave Konkaput shall be our King !’

Let all the mountains, forests, fountains,
 And happy parks, pour forth his praise,
 Until he reigns o'er hills and plains
 And Utes be given all gala days !

Let lass and lover unite to cover
 His brow with the brilliant crown
 That Shawshend hath given, as a sign from heaven,
 With care to be handed down !”

“ Let Shawsheen bring and crown him King !”
 As far and near their voices ring ;
 Praise Queen and King—
 Hear them sing.

SCENES X.

THE FATAL STRIFE AND THE FUTURE STATE:

IGNOBLE KNIGHTHOOD.

The honor paid young Konkaput
For overtaking, capturing
Wild beasts, was due his prowess—but
Confessedly as coming King;
While sport, in such wild, simple ways,
Suggests the gist of savage life,
And deeper wells of want displays,
Some social strain more full of strife.
Hence, oft a father with a young
Fair daughter, dictates for a case,
That, of all youths with bows well strung,
He shall have her who in the chase
First kills an elk or black-tailed stag;
And when the game falls to the ground,
The damsel goes to help him drag
It home, and all huzza around.

But once Queant, a bear-like * youth,
So squarely won a suitor's squaw,
That half the tribe averred the truth,
And sealed her his in social law;
Whereat Saw-Wick, the suitor's Sheik,
In envy slew the valiant knight;
Then Sur-Ap (Red Pole) swore to wreak
Dire vengeance as the dead man's right.
As Queant's friend this youth soon drives,
By challenge, Saw-Wick to the charge,
Of single combat, whence two lives
Are lost. Upon a plateau large
They meet, with many seconds near,
To watch the maddened warrior's mien,
And by their presence cheer
Their several favorite through the scene.

* Queant means bear.

The combatants there wait command;
 They stand as still as storied Tell,
 With bow and arrow both in hand,
 And aimed each at the other well.
 Then forth both feathered missiles fly,
 And pass each other in midway,
 So swift, they seem threads in the sky,
 Or trembling sunbeams at noonday.
 And so exact the archers aim,
 Each at the other's vital part,
 That both arrows barbed came,
 And found a lodgment in the heart.
 Then the two warriors, wounded, dead,
 Fell down in silence at the feet
 Of frantic friends, who, fury-led,
 Now mingle conflict most complete.

Here, at this juncture of joined hate,
 When angry flocks of arrows fly,
 King Konkaput comes up in state;
 With hand and voice uplifted high,
 He shames their strife. He shouts "Hold! Stop!
 Your course is causeless and unkind!"
 With these stern words their weapons drop,
 Moved by his manly strength of mind.

Soon altogether mingle grief
 Above the fallen youths, and brave;
 But more admire the mighty Chief,
 Who from worse sorrows so could save.

Then wide processions wend their way
 To the wild spot where willows wave,
 And lay their dead with loud dismay
 Together in one silent grave.

Then old Ne-Va-Vah—The White Snow—

So venerably soft his voice—

Looks pale around and speaketh low :

“ Let all just Indians here rejoice !

The passage under ground they go,

Though secret, is not thence severe,

For our life's river's future flow

Is like the spring time of the year.

And As Tomichi's cheerless tomb,

In dreary winters' ward-robe dressed,

Has waiting summers in their bloom

When distant plains shall be refreshed ;

So shall this bed of sleeping dead

Bring forth in brighter form our braves,

To wander woods, nor weary tread

For want of game, and into graves !

Then Saw-Wah-Wichet—The Rain Bow—

Reveals what beauty ever reigns,

Where all good Indians glad will go

To hunt and play o'er hills and plains.

Thus warriors told their weeping squaws

That soon their sorrows would subside,

And Pa-Ja-Cha-Put—Eagle's Claws—

Gave out that he would go their guide.

To guard them hence to hunting ground,

Where scenes beneath the setting sun

With all earth's beauty will abound,

And life in recreant leisure run ;

Where the glad moon lights glistening dew,

In glory heights and glens arrayed,

And hunters panting deer pursue—

Each hunter, as his deer, a shade !

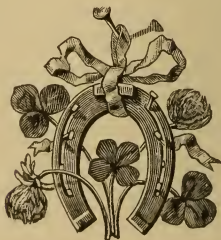
Then Pa-A-Wich—or Water-Boy—

Says, sitting down by sorrowing ones :

“ I'll join you in that world of joy

Beneath the smiles of setting suns,

And Nic-Ah-Gwat—the Chief Green Leaf—
 Enumerates the noble game
 He'll find and fetch them as their chief,
 For there the dead desire his name.
 Soon Shaw-Wa-Nah—Blue Flower—says :
 “There violets forever bloom,
 And every sorrow vanishes
 Beyond the confines of the tomb ;”
 And Cach-E-To-Pah—a Black Stone—
 Like dark-robed clergy loud declares,
 That “The Great Spirit's gracious throne
 Still promises to hear their prayers !”
 To mourning mothers words most kind
 By Tah-Ah-Pitch—or a Sweet Vine—
 Are borne by soft and breathing wind
 From good old Ah-Umph—Graceful Pine—
 Tah-Be-Wa-Che-Ka—The Sun Rise—
 Asks of Ah-Kan-Ash—A Bright Cloud—
 And Sha-Wa-Nah, with shout replies :
 “With due surprise the dead shall rise
 As night and winter shed their shroud.”



SCENES XI.

THE UTE PELTERS PLAN THEIR OUTFIT.

Now Kah-Ni-Ah-Che—Taken Down—

A humble, good, high-minded guide,
Who helped Kit Carson * to renown,And sat and slept at Fremont's side,
"A friendly Ute" and useful friend,Saw Konkaput's kind, princely air,
Urged his young impulse to expandWith precepts which his way prepare,
And taught him truths about the earthWhich he had learned from white men's lips ;
And of their ways, and wealth, and worth,Immense machines and merchant ships ;
And told him of Tecumseh's time,Of Logan and King Philip's day ;
Of princely races in their prime,Now pressing West to pass away ;
Now perishing by slow decay !And as they talked together thus
Of old tradition's trying days,Till tidal waves, now wafting us,
Seemed moving up in much amaze,With Indian warriors, driven West,
Or driven down among the dead.The sad discourse so much impressed
The lad, his life was by it led.But they had other thoughts, beside,
And shared in confidence complete,And "the good Ute and useful guide"
Fondly to guard the youthful feet,

Was also hunter of high tone,

Who scarce mistook the worth of skins,
Yet never took, except his own,

And hated selfish hunter's sins.

* Kit Carson, Bill Bent, Jim Baker and Carle Antobeas were all famous scouts employed by the general government.

An ardent lover of his race
And hostile to unholy war,
This Kah-Ni-Ah-Che named the chase
Which Konkaput kept wishing for ;
That, with a few white and true men,
They leave South Park and safely stray
Where the Ute braves had seldom been,
And stay six moons or more away.

But Konkaput, most filial yet,
Revere's his father, King Colorow,
And wisely would his wishes get,
Before agreeing first to go.
Hence, Kah-Ni-Ah-Che with him went
And placed before his sire their plan,
When he, unasked, gave his assent,
And said : " Well done, both son and man !
I'm proud to praise what you propose,
And yet admit presentiment :
Before we meet shall many woes
Despoil the Utes, or be all spent !
Still, come what may and come what must,
If we 're not all laid waste and slain,
I truly bid you try, and trust,
And hope to greet you both again."

Prince Konkaput loved Piesse, too,
More than was common then with Kings ;
His troth was, too, to Shawsheen true,
And thought her love above all things ;
So to this princess' tender pride
He gave his crown, which she had set,
And bade her : " This memento hide
Till we shall meet ; do not forget !"
He then sat down by the dear squaw,
Who gave him breath, and broke to her
The brightest future he foresaw,
And asked what course she would prefer.

She heard with tears his high intent,
Yet felt a pride in all his praise,
And calmly gave her kind consent
To spend alone her Spartan days ;
Then bravely clasped him to her breast,
And touched his heart with her own tears,
Which from her bleeding love were blessed
To both his youth and better years.
Eight other Utes, with early zeal,
Proposed to try the trapper's trade,
And to their parents made appeal,
Got their assent and earnest aid.

The plan is toward some pleasant place,
To bear their way where beasts abound,
And then attract all the Ute race
Into that grander hunting ground.
But to complete the careful plan
They must perfect a full outfit;
'Twere scarcely more a tour to scan
Around the earth and order it.
Yet Kah-Ni-Ah-Che's a choice hand
At culling needed things with care;
And ere they start we see him stand,
With arms akimbo, and de lare,
With satisfaction, half in rhyme:
"We're bound to find beavers and bears,
And have a brave and tip-top time,
With comforts more than all the cares!"
He invoiced all their rations well;
Some venison and such dried fruit
As squaws had picked and kept to sell,
And sundry other things to suit;
Comanche pots of perfect kind,
A well-sewed pouch of purest salt,
And strings and straps to loose and bind
Their bundles where they bed or halt ;

A flint that flashes easy fire,
 Some punk put up in soft, dry bark,
And dainty bags, big with desire
 To hold as much as Noah's ark,
Yet small enough to swing at ease
 Upon a weary hunter's back,
To put therein whate'r he please,
 That they may live with little lack.

THEIR FIRST FIRE ARMS.

He also got one old-time gun,
 With lock and ram-rod looking right,
And bought the means, bullets to run,
 All which was then a wondrous sight,
And seen with superstitious awe—
 With staring eyes and well-stopped ears,
The crowds around him cringing draw,
 As he for fun excites their fears.
The noise, ignited with a spark;
 The powder horn and bullet mole;
His power to hit a well-put mark,
 And pile the balls in their first hole;
The whole machine amazed so much
 The Utes around, each coveted
A gun for fun, a gift just such
 A dangerous thing, that so well did.
They heard it roar, then ran and hid,
Nor disobeyed what he should bid.



SCENES XII.

THE YOUNG HUNTERS LEAVING HOME.

When all were done with that one gun,
Surveying every separate part,
They eyed the whole outfit as one
With ardent love of useful art.
'Twas a new scene beneath the sun,
An era in the Utes' ideas
Which showed how much is shortly done
When all unite to plan and please.
See ten wild ponies all well packed
With nameless needfuls and nick-nacks,
So nicely laid they nothing lacked,
With bows and lances on their backs.
The ten proud boys turned to depart
All consciously increased in worth,
While old and young to see them start
Stand round in mingled stare and mirth.
For the young King, Shawsheen, his Queen,
Has brought his steed, well bred and stout,
And seems the proudest in the scene—
Though but a sigh as they set out!
While Colorow poses near Piesse,
With yearning pride o'er their young prince
In buoyant words their heir to bless—
Sad hearts! They've never seen him since!
'Twas a delightful sunny day
To link the summer and September,
When these wild pelters went their way
With parting words they will remember,
From mate and sire, old men and squaws,
And on they drive till cold December,
The beaver to his bed-room draws
And bears digest each digit member,*

* It is an old notion that bears "suck their claws," one by one, in winter.

Three trappers led, both true and bold,
 Who speak the Ute, French, English, well ;
 Nor need be told the bears' stronghold,
 Or where minks, otters, beavers dwell ;
 For oft they've strolled 'mong mountain streams
 And killed wild beasts just for their skins,
 Which warmest grow as fall's gray beams
 Contract and winter's cold begins.

But mark the make-up of those men—
 A Celt, a Saxon, and a Gaul,
 Over Ute boys, as brave a ten
 As ever answered a roll-call !
 Could we their diary declare,
 Their deeds of daring every day,
 The facts and fancies of their fare,
 What all and several do and say—
 No book in print could so present
 The wonders of a wandering life,
 On one bold purpose purely bent—
 Of thirteen strangers without strife !

If Franco—Scoto—Anglican,
 And their ten Utes get out of tune,
 One scarcely dares attempt to scan
 What jars may fall from fall to June.
 The very trappers' triple views—
 A papist, prelate, presbyter—
 Though all irreverent language use,
 Make all, indeed, to each defer.
 If in their greed they're wanting grace
 They'll grow to learn how great their loss,
 As brothers of one blood-bought race,
 And so come to one common cross !
 These clever men—Scott, Petit, Clark—
 As wise men coming from the East
 To seek the Prince of the South Park,

Were made fast friends first at a feast
With the Ute Chiefs of cheery soul,
Where Ka-Ni-Ah-Che told the tale
Of Konkaput's proud self-control—
Of which they all would so avail
As best to serve their several firms,
For which they now unite their cause
And start on stipulated terms,
That serve instead of statute laws.



If they prefer at any time
To cease to act as three in one,
Or either party commit crime,
That day their partnership is done.
So very well they weave their views
And start off for "the Yellowstone"—
While we await, meanwhile, the news,
And seek Shawsheen, left sad and lone.

SCENES XIII.

SHAWSHEEN'S MUSINGS, THE SHY MAIDEN.

As the wild pelters passed away
Shawsheen, as shy as shadows are,
Did every dark and sunny day
Feel how and where they hunt and fare ;
Till woods and waters, parks and peaks
Had a new nature to her now,
And their Kind Spirit, echoing, speaks
Her virgin breast's betrothal vow.
For Konkaput should surely come
To take his bride, and by her side,
With furs and feathers, fit their home
Where she'd preside in princely pride.
Paul and Virginia's impulse pure
Did, in no sense nor part, surpass
The sacred bond, that bound secure
To her loved Chief this cherished lass.

The first week the pelters journeyed
She went oft to Colorado—
To Piesse's heaving bosom—
As if seeking for her lover,
And seemed loth to leave their wigwam.
Till one day she saw her brother
Tying fast a half-grown wolf-pup
With a braided bark of mosse-wood ;
It was wild and gray and pretty—
Arrow gave it it to his sister.

This diverted her now daily
From her loneliness and sorrow.
In a little while it loved her
And was safely soon untethered,
And henceforth it seldom left her—
[Till it fell a prey to pumas,
Which it fought for her protection

When she went in search of berries,
And they crouched to spring upon her.]
This young wolf she surnamed Lopa,
(As if lupa in old Latin
Had been taught her by some Remus,
Who had been by it protected)
And it daily played about her,
And at night shared half her bear-skins—
Slept and watched all night beside her,
And by day went with her hunting
For the berries and the ripe nuts,
For the rabbits and the gophers ;
And one time it caught a squirrel,
Which was yet so young and tender,
That the maiden took and nursed it,
Till the little ski-o-ura—
As the old Greeks named the creature,
From the screen of its tail's shadow—
Used to leap upon her shoulder,
Hide itself in her black tresses,
Till young Lopa looked on laughing—
For the wolf sometimes seems laughing—
And the trio were so happy
That the Spirit of the Mountains
Joined them also, just delighted !

But the wolf, as we have stated,
Fought and fell before the lions,
And Ski-o-ura, the young squirrel,
Was snatched up by a small eagle ;
Then Shawsheen became so lonesome,
That the mountains put on shadows,
As she tried to look beyond them,
Where her lover and the pelters
Were far northward daily pressing,
And they echoed to her longing
As she blended sighs with singing.

The soul of music and of sadness
Echoed from the nearest hillsides,
Every evening, every morning.
Thus she thought upon the absent,
Thus she sang about her lover,
Of his otters' skins and beavers',
Of his feathers plucked from eagles,
From the bluejay and the jackdaw,
From the orioles and pheasants.
Oft she sang to Colorado
Of the legends he had taught her,
Like the runes of ancient Finland,
In the rythm of Hiawatha,
From the shell in shade of Harvard,
Where the prince of poets sauntered,
Sang she often to her kindred
Till the tribe her song repeated—
How the Senoblaze of heaven
Looked once upon wide spread waters
And there brooded till the ocean's
Waves were parted for the islands,
And the hills and mountains new born—
Fish and sea shells still upon them—
All arose to bless the waters,
As the parents of the dry land,
With the woods and flowers their daughters,
How the sun had brought forth children
From the red earth, dried to Indians,
All ill-treated tribes of red men,
Even the Ute tribe, her own nation,
With its rising King, her lover,
Whom she wished to see intensely,
In recesses of the mountains;
There to dress and cook his venison,
There to be his willing servant.
Then sometimes she roamed in silence,

When she heard the voice of thunder
Peal on peal, speak to the mountains,
And the mountains to each other ;
Saw the lightning shoot its arrows
At the towering rocks and cedars ;
Then she hushed her heart in silence,
Listening to the voice of nature,
Listening to the Lord, its author—
Listening unto God Almighty !

Then, when thunder's voice was silent,
This poor, yet impassioned, pagan,
In her guileless hearted girlhood,
Spoke out to the unseen Spirit :
“ O, I beg thee, do not kill me ;
Let me know what is thy pleasure,
For I greatly fear and tremble
Lest by mayhap I offend thee—
Who canst smite the rocks asunder !
Who canst split pine trees to splinters !
Senoblaze, do love and bless me,
For I long to see and love thee ! ”

So her faith and fear would mingle
As she sang her sacred solo,
Sang of love that gilds the morning,
Decks the night in robes of spangles,
Clothes the birds and flowers with beauty,
That gives meat unto the hungry—
To the panting heart wild honey !

Once she sang in a sweet dale
Such as was the Temple-Vale :
“ I have longing, holy longing,
Which no human tongue can tell,
It doth deep within me dwell,
Where love's thrilling hopes are thronging.
I have fancies, happy fancies
Of my fair one far away ;

He seems near me night and day,
Till with fancies memory dances ;
So the varying year advances.
I remember, I remember
 When he left and left his crown
 How our future seemed to frown !
Though our love was true and tender.
I remember how he, seated
 Near me, told his troth and love,
 As if borne me from above,
And my praise he much repeated.
Can such faith be e'er defeated ?
I behold him, now behold him,
 Hunting bison, beavers, bears,
 Snaring "wise owls " unawares,
And I see soft furs enfold him ;
And hereafter, our hereafter,
 Hope's hereafter hastens near,
 When he'll meet and greet me here,
And my love leaps into laughter,
Aye, so may we meet hereafter ?"
 So she sang in solos often,
In her soul, and sometimes louder,
In the ears of neighboring mountains :
"O, thou unseen One and Mighty,
Who canst kill me with thy lightning,
Do not harm my distant lover !
Bring him back to me in safety,
Laden with his furs and feathers,
With his weapons and his war-paints.
To defend his own Ute nation
In our darkest, thickest dangers :
Unda hola—How I love him !
I eschew all other lovers."

As thus she sang full many a song,
They seemed so like a living soul,

They leapt in loving sounds along
Where breezes blow and rivers roll ;
And since she kept no carrier dove,
Nor courier, post-man, pen or wire
To interchange their thoughts of love,
We must her muse the more admire.
So, too, ere she's heard the story
Of God's love to be a Savior,
Or the scenes of Sinai's glory,
She has sought the heavenly favor
And become a benefactress
To her suffering Indian neighbors—
Even to some unkind and thankless ;
Aye, her love was full of labors.
And she was so kind to captives,
Some, indeed, who had pale faces ;
She was a new Pocohontas
In the wigwams of Powhatan,
And her love soon won both sexes—
She seemed noble, above nature,
With the love of God enamored.

Thus she lived, and loved, and trembled,
Heeding the draped forms of nature,
And its sweet and awful voices—
Voices of the lightning's thunder,
Voices of the snow-capped mountains,
Voices of the vales and hill-sides ;
Voices of the woods and waters,
Voices of the leaves and zephyrs ;
Voices of her hopes and heart-aches,
Voices of her fears and fancies ;
Voices of the birds of omen,
Voices of the Unseen Spirit—
All the while her chief was absent—
Absent with the white fur-traders, -
Who knew not what she was doing.

SCENES XIV.

AN INDIAN HORSE RACE IN SOUTH PARK, AND ITS
RESULTANT HATRED.

When youths are given to games of chance,
They crowd the ways to waste and crime :
The Utes to chance from skill advance—
They hit the target every time ;
Then wager for the highest prize.
They find horse-racing full of fun,
And sometimes win their wished supplies
By their rough steeds that fastest run.
The day the furriers started, ten
Young, fierce Apaches came to camp ;
They were the wildest of wild men,
Off on a truant, loafing tramp.
Each had a horse plucked from the plains
And proved by practice proud in speed,
Yet used to neither yoke nor reins,
But ridden to sorry sights indeed !
These guileful youths were made the guests
Of the whole camp, a thing of course,
And féted to incessant feasts,
Revealing the whole tribe's resource.
Their jaded horse-flesh, too, were fed
In verdant fields, and in full view ;
The sight of which one evening led
To bantering what such beasts could do !
The Chief Apache, Chance by name,
Proposed next day to test their power :
So to the game galled racers came,
All worn and winded by the hour ;
Of jaded " scare-crows " just a score !
The Utes bet horses, blankets, skins,
While the Apaches promised more
If the Ute " round-up * " really wins.

* Round-up, a legal term for gathering and comparing live stock.

Ten Utes, on broncos old and brown,
Which have borne burdens long and far,
Up the mountain sides and down,
And won at first in filching war,



Seem even racers in array
With ten Apaches ponied well
On "skin and bones"—a sad display;
And which shall win no one can tell!



See twice ten ponies set in pairs,
With riders plumed, on the plateau!
Each Ute a wig of skunk's skin wears;
All bear their lances or a bow.
First five of each go and come back—
A two-mile stretch, or thereabout—
And at the end of the round track
They shoot a target, with a shout.
When these are tallied, then ten more
Ride for the target in their turn,
And shout and shoot, just as before;
Then all come near results to learn.
The judge is White Lock, Soc-We-Ock,
Whose head still has his mother's mark,
Who, *enceinte*, saw a single lock
Of white haired scalp, with others dark.
This young White Lock is a wise youth
Whom all the Utes regard as just,
And so well tried in fact for truth
That in his word they all will trust.
The leading riders of the Utes
Are Pah-No-Ar, that is, Broad Brow,

Qu-E-Ah-Tah, Bear, chief of brutes,
 And Ugly Boy, Sub-I-To-Ou.
 Both five Ute boys are brave, but small,
 Wiry, wily and well trained ;
 Each five Apaches, too, are tall,
 Tough, bony fellows, and full brained.
 When the first, all hear White Lock call,
 They each exclaim his racer's name ;
 Then, pegasoi, these ponies all
 Fly o'er the fields like winged flame.

So much of turf is tossed up there,
 Their beasts are as if winged bulls
 Engaged in pawing earth and air ;
 And each contestant harder pulls,
 As he draws back his twanging bow
 To hit the target in the eye,
 And pierce it with his arrow's blow—
 As if a living* deer must die.
 The first half hold out all the way ;
 For even the laggards can not tell
 But that their friends shall win the day,
 When all, indeed, seem doing well.

But the excitement's highest pitch
 Is when the last set first set out ;
 For soon it is decided which
 Shall win the race beyond a doubt.
 The shrewd Apaches had held back
 Their thorough racers for this round,
 And soon as these dash on the track
 The Utes are distanced at a bound.
 Now one bold boy, Buzzard by name,—
 Saw-Wah-Wick is the Indian word—
 Swore he'd sweep down and scoop the game
 With Saviath—swoop of a big bird.

* The target was a stuffed deer-skin.

These fellows of the baser sort

Then seized the Apache's ponies first,
As if to have some special sport.

The wild old Utes, then, worst to worst,
Affirmed the affair was all unfair,

And so unfair 'twas fairly won
By their Ute boys, who had good care
That only honest racers run.

And so, before White Lock adjudged,
Or the good racers reached the goal,
Big Bird and Swoop, who both begrudged
The prizes, swooped and scooped the whole.

The Apaches, skunked,* lost furs and skins,
And horses, blankets, feathers, all—
For might o'er right first really wins,
Where power concludes wrong right to call.
And what could half a score of boys,
Untutored braves, though tough as bears,
Accomplish when a tribe employs
Their wiles against them and their shares.

'Tis like a Godless gambling den,
In Leadville, Denver, or New York,
Decoying in defenseless men
From rural walks when out of work.
All games of chance—not given their chance—
Are lawless mockery, more or less;
Yet he that knows this in advance,
Deserves small sooth in his distress,
When he is robbed of rustic gains,
And made to march off in disgrace:
The robbers shall of course reap pains,
Yet foiled ones well may hide their face.

* A forcible western expression won from the Indians, and indicates an unfair conquest.

King Colorado cursed the crew
That would degrade Ute honor so;
And yet, what else could the King do
But give the Apaches peace to go.
So empty, angry, wholly stripped,
The strangers start with stinging wrath,
And go like whining mastiffs whipped,
With pent up growls along their path.

With deep chagrin they come at length
To the Apaches' far-off plain,
Where the full tribe in fearful strength
Receive them with wrathful disdain.
They'd have them "stay in Jericho"
Until their beards were better grown,
Rather than come cowed, ruined so,
With nothing caught, nor kept their own;
But their alternatives were, choice
To fight (most rash), or further roam,
Or join their friends, who should rejoice
To see and have them safe at home.
It was far safer to succumb,
And wiser, than to wrongly win,
To don their insults as if dumb,
And learn some wisdom from such sin.

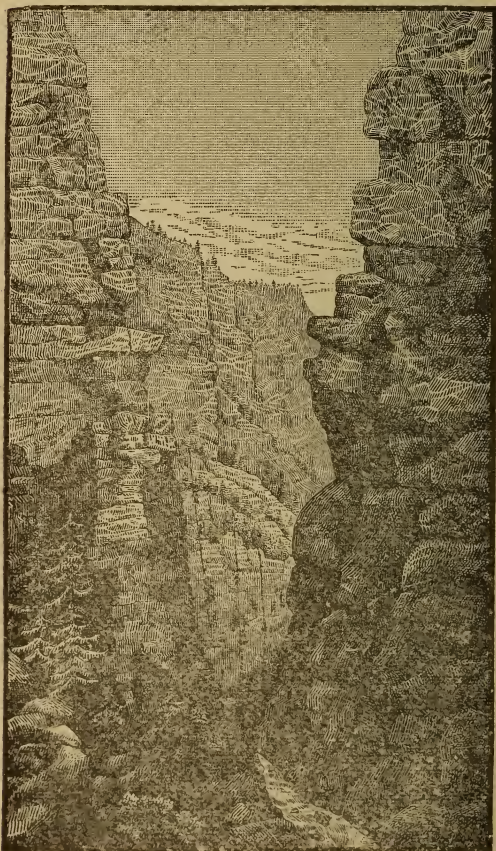
Meantime Ute boys and older braves
Divide their spoil with vain debate,
Till fights have filled a few more graves,
And heaped their lodges full of hate.
Nor is this finale all the end:
Such winning waked a wicked war,
Which did from tribe to tribe extend,
Both lasting long and reaching far ;
Results of which we're waiting for.

SCENES XV.

THE UTE-APACHE WAR, WITH BATTLES WON BY BOTH.

The fierce Apaches forthwith felt
That they must have due honor done,
Or the Ute bond of peace must melt,
And booty be by battles won.
They formed at once peace with old foes,
And urged straightway a union strong,
With Sioux, Cheyennes, Arapahoes,
T' avenge so rank and vile a wrong.
The Cheyennes, Sioux, Arapahoes,
With their first fire-arms in their hands,
The Crows, Comanches, Navajos,
With brave and well-trained warrior bands,
In willing faith welcome the facts,
And find, in councils near and far,
A wish to scourge such wicked acts
With crushing power of common war.
The Utes, like Ammon's sons of old,
See that their sin smells rank and sore,
And hasten to their high stronghold
Till the Apache war be o'er.
Their mountain fastnesses afford
Protection more than men can prize,
Against a predatory horde
Who from the plains might plan to rise.
For all the Utes know every inch
Of every height and every pass;
Their nerves and flesh, too, never flinch
Before armed men, few or in mass.
Hence, if the Indians on the plains
Attempt to storm the mountains wild,
They must expect for all their pains,
That countless warriors will be killed.
The best of armies, even, fight
Against the Utes with fearful odds,
For every sound and every sight

Seem gathering round like savage gods;
And whether skies are white and clear,
Or thund'ring full of threat'ning rains,
The heights and depths have dead'ning fear,
For pluckiest ranks reared on the plains.



A cañon thirty miles in length,
With walls a thousand feet in air,

Can flank the mightiest martial strength
And fill the foe with fell despair.
To stand on high and hurl down stones
Like gliding hail storms down the glen,
Would get in turn but dying groans
From the best armed and bravest men.
In proof, the Apaches soon proceed
To hunt the Utes in their stronghold,
Their hosts advance with alert heed,
And carry guns in cohorts bold.
Their combined legions laboring come
Among the foothills, cliffs and peaks,
To find a dark and fatal doom,
That in one brightening moment breaks.
They come to Cañon of Cheyenne—
Perhaps mistaken for Ute Pass—
And mass in camp uncounted men,
With booths and beds of brush and grass;
And scarce have sent thence hurrying scouts,
To search the wished-for seat of war,
And find more ready facile routes,
Ere hails the foe they're hunting for.
For, as they know not their new arms,
But handle powder heedlessly,
A loud explosion so alarms
The whole encampment that they flee
Up beetling heights, where they behold
An ambushed army of Ute braves,
Who burst down on them, dread and bold,
And send them groaning to their graves.
Now, on receiving this sad news,
The old Sioux chiefs, who seldom yield,
And fierce Apaches, firm as Sioux, (Sous),
In fuller forces seek the field;
But, chastened by such losses, choose
More cautious paths to posts concealed,

By means of many magic clews,
 Until the Utes are all revealed.
In the Arkansas' deep ravine,
 Without suspicion of assault,
Their several campments are soon seen,
 Basking beneath heaven's bended vault.
The scalps of the late waylaid ranks,
 Slain in the Cañon of Cheyenne,
Are promenading in odd pranks
 Upon the heads of hardened men,
While their rough squaws sit squatting 'round,
 Rejoiced with the revolting scene:
Then suddenly, like thunder sound,
 From the rough rim of the ravine,
A hundred guns give the alarm;
 But Colorado, calm and clear,
Cries: "Warriors, Arm!" and like a charm
 Their faith in him casts out all fear.
Swift up the heights, lances in hand,
 They rush in several serried ranks,
And, hand to hand, the hosts both stand,
 And smite down braves on bloody banks—
Banks that for ages stainless stood,
 But henceforth bear in yearly bloom
Red blossoms, stained with red men's blood,
 To tell their common, cruel doom.
King Colorado here was killed!
 Reduced to tribute was his tribe;
Till wasted Utes with want are filled;
 Their squaws too squalid to describe.
Shawsheen was captured by a chief
 Of the Cheyennes or shameless Sioux;
While sad Piesse soon dies of grief,
 With none to bear her son the news,
Or to her fate give faintest clews.



KING COLORADO I.

SCENES XV.

THE FARE AND COURSE OF THE FUR CARAVAN.

As we have seen, two belial sons
Waked the fierce war, like forest fire;
From plains to peaks the passion runs,
With the war demon's worst desire;
But meanwhile in both parks and woods,
And following rivers near and far,
In gay pursuit of peltry goods,
Young Konkaput heard not of war.
His course has been one constant quest
Of footprints by some fur-clad beast;
And, always hoping for the best,
Of news from home he's not the least.
An instance this of fancy's bliss;
For day and night he dreamed and thought
Of the dear faces he did miss,
And fancy brought the joys he sought.
First northward went his caravan
To sources of the Yellowstone;
For it was in the traders' plan
To touch at stations, one by one,
Where other trappers' peltry trade
Had quasi depots, to acquaint
Them with their course; for mutual aid,
If there should come hostile complaint.
At length they halt to try their hands
And map their hunting for three moons,
Where Fremont's Peak a frost tower stands,
And furs abound—from fat raccoons
To finest ermine, sable, fitch;
And central stations stand secure,
Made strong as fortresses, from which
Provisions they in stress procure.
Here scenery of Siberian stamp,
And stretching off like Russian steppes,

Surrounds the crude fur-trader's camp—

A perfect paradise for traps !

The beauty charmed the entire band ;

And specially the Utes aspired

To try their will and skill of hand

In hunting now the game desired.

The morning after they here came

Young Konkaput captured a moose—

(Perhaps an elk, the proper name).

He held this moose in a strong noose,

And, well disguised in a bear's skin,

Worried him out of his own will ;

Then, as himself, made haste to win

His faith, and fed him to the fill !

In one half moon, much to his praise,

The boy made him obey his mind,

Till in a sledge—a type of sleighs—

They flew away like winged wind ;

Then homeward came with hosts of game,

Killed by his simple shaft and bow ;

Which added fame to the Ute name,

As if they all were gifted so.

But it seemed best to break their band ;

One-half to help the French suite here,

The rest, in Konkaput's command,

To seek some point not very near.

The first five are Kah-Ni-A-Ché

And the four privates he prefers ;

These are employed by French Petit *

To seek for game and sort its furs,

And note with care whate'er occurs.

The parting of the Utes was when

They felt heartsick for some home news,

* Pronounced Petee, and its rhyming mate may have its accents either on the first and third or second and fourth syllables, as the Utes used both pronunciations.

And, though "Indians are tearless men,"
 Their words were deep and warm adieus ;
 For they were from their friends afar,
 Like wanderers in foreign lands,
 And hostile tribes might hasten war
 And sweep off both the parting bands.

Kah-Ni-Ah-Ché and Konkaput,
 Like Saul and Jesse's loving heirs,
 Were constitutionally cut
 To share each other in full shares ;
 Indeed, each deemed as dear as life
 His friend, and could have for him died,
 Either upon a field of strife
 Or lingering by the sufferer's side.

The parting of these two appears,
 Therefore, tempered to the time,
 And in the light of later years
 It was both simple and sublime ;
 But Konkaput bore every case
 With a presentiment of yore,
 That, most of them would see his face
 Upon such earthly scenes no more.

He said : " I go, but ye remain ;
 What shall befall us none can know ;
 Some may be sick and some be slain,
 But be good, do good, as we go,
 Is my new motto for us now,
 And may our days be ordered so
 That Time shall bring upon his brow
 The gladdening beams of beauty's glow ;
 Such as my Queen herself might show.

SCENES XVII.

FROM YELLOWSTONE ALONG THE GREEN.

Scott, Clark and their five cross the range
To Lyon's Lake (as lately called),
Where scenery, picturesque and strange,
Has still "Three Tetons" well installed;
Where, from this Rocky Mountain height,
Flows "Green"-bank river toward the Grand,
In which merge both the Bear and White,
Where snow and bruin's symbols stand.
This verdant river, vaguely known,
The trappers fancy full of furs;
And with a guide, a good Shoshone,
And Konkaput, they follow her,
As she flows southwest to the sea,
Through garden soils and golden sand,
Till Colorado sets her free
On California's far-off strand.



But first, for this long enterprise,
They barter with the Snake-Bannocks
To sell them suitable supplies,
Which they concealed among the rocks;
Then they start slowly down the stream,
With safety and such full success,

That Konkaput's tamed, captured team
 Is wealth in the wild wilderness.
 For the tough bronchos they had brought
 Up to the post on Yellowstone,
 Marauding Indian men had caught ;
 And since then they'd secured none ;
 But this mild, conquered moose became
 As rare and deft as a reindeer ;
 Kind A-Ca-Wa (Pink Eyes), his name,
 And staid as "Alden's snow white steer."*

Indeed he proved useful and nice ;
 He drew his sledge o'er drifting snow,
 And waded streams or trod their ice
 With speed to suit, or fast or slow ;
 And Konkaput, to him most kind,
 Could ride elk-back and lead the band,
 And to his antlers tell his mind
 By gentlest touches of his hand.
 So Konkaput, in this campaign,
 Made himself wiser every way ;
 His power to please and good will gain
 Seemed growing also day by day.
 His little arts, at the Twin Lakes,
 Had taught him how to tempt wild beasts,
 Till live snow birds he charmed like snakes,
 And fed wild foxes at his feasts.

His bow was good as any gun,
 Without a noise its arrows went,
 So that wild game would seldom run
 Till his full quiver was well spent.
 And then his skill to skin and dress
 The finest beasts for fur or meat—
 (Which he derived from dear Piesse)—
 Made him a trapper boy complete.

* See Longfellow's "Courtship of Miles Standish."

He had, too, prompt, endurant power,
With all this aptitude of skill,
Which saved employers many an hour
Of wasteful dalliance of will,
And though they're seeking long some point
For winter quarters on their way,
He is so supple, limb and joint,
His journeys are as jaunts and play.
White River Forks, afar, they reach—
Not far from scenes of future fame
Of special force as far as speech
Makes known this same White River's name.

For there barbaric deeds of blood,
Clandestine of any clime,
Stand hardest to be understood
For cold ingratitude and crime!
The scenery 'round is simply grand—
Of cliffs, ravines, and diverse wood,
And intervalles of varied land
That were by irrigation good:
'Tis here they build their winter hut
Of standing rocks, stockade of poles,
And pine boughs, cut by Konkaput,
Who his quartette of Utes controls.
Their bed and board are of the best!
Soft sprigs of spruce on dry sand spread,
Then moss on this is made to rest;
And handsome furs from foot to head.

Their food is choice fruit from the chase;
And the Ute boys as one believe
This region shall yet see their race
Far better fortune here receive.
[Ah! coming Time's coincidence
Concludes the drama, in their case,

For at the public's sad expense
 They plunged to ruin in this place.]
 There the pleased hive of hunters play
 Their winter's work, like busy bees,
 And draw fresh joys from every day
 Like blithest bees in blossomed trees:
 They go, they come, just as they please,
 On wings of ease with naught to tease.

SCENES XVIII.

SOME SAD EFFECTS OF SILLY FEASTS.

'Tis sometimes said: "The savages
 Are wasting by the white man's wars,"
 As if there were no ravages
 By savage lusts that leave the scars
 Of suffering, death, sorrow and sin;
 By trouble brought on betwixt tribes;
 By wasting foes, without, within;
 By doctor's bills no one prescribes.

Alas! and true! whole tribes are dead;
 By their own blame so blotted out,
 Their names are only known and read
 In rivers, towns, lakes, tour or route.
 The social evil, civilized,

And then let loose in savage life,
 Has ranker ruin realized—

Strange to say—than savage strife!
 And the poor care that parents keep
 Over their young slays every year
 The slender part; so puts to sleep

Vast numbers that ne'er 'waken here.

Then heedless youths their health assault,
 And strew the ground with early graves,
 While gluttony—their glaring fault—
 Brings down to death distinguished braves.

A common crime, this want of care,
That often loses useful lives,
But which, since practiced everywhere,
An undue sanction thence derives.
Hence, soon, near trappers' hut we see
Tah-Nach, a Ute, "set sail below,"
That is, into eternity;
But his own folly fells the blow—
A case we shall make haste to show.

The facts were these: A honey bee,
One sunny day, fell on the snow:
He took it up, simply to see
Which way the weak insect would go,
Then followed, as it feebly went,
Until he found still other bees,
All settling 'neath the same intent—
To reach the nearest forest trees.
And there, on searching, he soon found,
By bees still buzzing in the air,
And others groaning on the ground,
Their comb stowed high with studied care.

He then climbed up the unclad son
Of centuries, and clasped a limb,
Which seemed a most substantial one;
But it at once deserted him;
Then followed heavy where he fell,
And brained him, broken by the fall;
With no one near, his fate to tell,
Or answer to a seeker's call.
For days they missed him from their den;
While a fresh snow concealed his course;
Two weeks they watched and waited, when
They also traced bees to their source.
There Konkaput, with keen surprise,
Saw Tah-Nach's body, badly torn—

A sight so saddening to his eyes,
 It made his lot for days forlorn ;
 For the far-off eternity

Seemed nearer now than e'er had been,
 And he craved some kind ministry
 That could bring comfort to him then.
 As he returned unto his "hive,"

To moaning pine shrubs tied his moose,
 And threw it tufts on which to thrive,
 Then came into the warm caboose,
 He sighed with deep, sad tenderness
 For the gay-hearted fellow gone ;
 For Colorado and Piesse,

And for Shawsheen—till shadowy dawn—
 The dawn that brings the burial day

Of his dear friend whom he found dead,
 In lonely wastes and far away,

Where kindred tears can ne'er be shed !
 It was a wild, most wintry morn,

As Konkaput, in his kind sledge,
 Led forth the hunters, all forlorn,

To find the lad, on Fir Tree Ledge.
 And sad indeed the final scene,

On this severe and solemn day,
 With naught their wounded hearts to screen
 From winter's unsheathed sword and sway.
 The trappers, though, are kind and true :

Clark has a prayer-book, kept with care,
 And Scott the Sacred Scriptures too,

While God is with men everywhere.
 Behold them ; see that burial scene !

There six wild hunters with sad hands
 Bear to the grave, green trees between,

The stiffened body : by it stands
 Each one last tenderly to look

Upon the poor boy buried there,

With funeral rites read from "The Book
of Christ" and "Common Prayer."
When even Christian culture comes,
In a fierce snow storm's blinding face,
With tears unto and from the tombs,
Cold seems and comfortless the case ;
Nor would we blame both beasts and men,
As hard of heart, who hasten home,
When their sad errand has so been
Done tenderly to dead and tomb.
And when wild blasts of winter blow,
As if to split their splintery throats
And Wapita* flies o'er the snow,
Toward the warm shelters and wild oats,
As swift as eagles sweep the air,
Or Borealis darts his beams,
The fast return is far less rare
And less irreverent than it seems.
Nor is that grave unlike all graves
Of other countries, other kin ;
Though over Tah-Nach the pine waves
To mark the consequence of sin—
Of rashness, without reason, where
A common prudence would have kept
His life an object of love's care,
And health and honey harvests reapt.
Ah ! keenly felt poor Konkaput,
While bending o'er that snow-bound grave,
And hurrying homeward to his hut,
Where wintry winds white pine boughs wave :
"Alas ! How lone to die alone !
To see life leaving o'er the lea ;
To lie down dead in lands unknown,
Where kindred eyes can never see—
Where pines make plaintive melody !"

* The Indian common name for elk.

SCENES XIX.

THE LEGATION TO SALT LAKE.

Often the Indians end their days
By aping like low whites to act ;
For, brought into our brighter ways,
Our virtues less than vice attract,*
Embittering every high behest,
Binding to lusts like evil beasts,
To die accursed, rather than blessed,
Before the sweetest, best of feasts.
Now, once more roam to trappers' home.
There Sap-En-Ah-Wah,† Fat Boy's got
Killed Tah-Nach's honey in the comb ;
And strained in his Comanche pot,
The sweet, rare nectar rises, till
It overflows in floods of gold,
Whence Pursy Boy his paunch doth fill—
All his big belly full can hold.
And such a colic as came on !
No Indian doctor e'er did cure :
'Tis sad, indeed, to look upon !
But Guero—Light Haired Galen—sure
Success divine is in his drugs,
Gives him a potion, bids him lie
Between a pair of panther rugs—
But lays him down, alas, to die !
To save his patient from his pain
He poured his strongest opiate
Upon the heavy honey strain,
And found quite soon, but quite too late,

* Brig. Gen. Wright's report to a committee of Congress says : "The Indian tribes are rapidly decreasing by wars among themselves, encroachments by the whites and the readiness with which they adopt the vices of the whites rather than their virtues."

† Sap-En-Ah-Wah means big belly or pursy boy, and was a genuine name among the Utes, with the whole idea that it suggests.

The good boy ne'er will wake again !

The sure physician sealed his fate :

Sheer ignorance the Ute has slain ;

And he is buried by his mate.

Then Konkaput, to his surprise,

Is urged " Make haste, harness your moose,

Go to Salt Lake to get supplies.

And seek a doctor of some use ! "

Most gravely Trapper Scott agrees

To share with him the unshown way ;

And tracing streams, trails, blistered trees,

They drive their way without delay.

They reach at length the royal lake

Of the young brigand, Brigham Young ;

Then very full invoices take

Till even the moose with bells is strung.

Pack-mules they purchase : Pagentwa,

Or Little Fish, as Light Hair's aid,

Goes a learned doctor from Utah

To practice for their peltry trade.

This Minnow is a Mormon Ute ;

Doctor and bishop, both betimes,

Whose sage-like tones and looks to suit,

And crude ideas of Christ and crimes,

With proofs profuse of promised fruit,

Makes Scott with quaint surmise inquire

If Utah is derived from Ute,

Why Mormon might not be his sire !

The trio now return their tramp,

Steering their course in complete style

Of mutual couriers toward their camp—

Which Clark and Guero moved meanwhile

To Trapper's Lake, near Plateau Peak,

Where game both good and tame abound,

And peaks to lakes incessant speak—

A happy Indian hunting ground !

When Scott, Pangentwa, Konkaput,
Approached at last their trapping post,
And hailed the (then deserted) hut,
But failed to find therein "mine host,"
A sense of desolation, death,
And fear, fell on them all fatigued,
And way-worn and half out of breath,
For it had been indeed besieged.

They soon beheld the place bereft
Of all things ; but they saw a stone
Inscribed, declaring when Clark left,
And where, and why they'd gone ;
And how the way hither to heed,
With cautions suited to their case—
A note most kind to men in need,
Whose true import we herewith trace.
It said : " Friend Scott, we are not safe !
A strange and scarey straggling scout
Has wandered daily like a waif
Of wind, about to find us out,
Or, if we leave, to learn our route !
He is a wild man of the wood,
That wanders here, then wanders there ;
That feeds on nothing for his food,
And seems almost as thin as air—

I beg you heed : of him beware !
We start now (in a noble storm
To hide from him our hurried tracks),
For Trapper's Fort, fixed nice and warm,
With bulky burdens on our backs,
And bear in hand both gun and ax.
If he should not to others show
That we've departed, for one day,
They will not know the way we go ;
But we will beckon you the way,

By sticks stuck standing in the snow,
By which our way you'll know, then join us too."
Scott scarcely read aloud these lines,
When "the strange scout" came straggling by,
And to the White man's face confines
The fiercest aspect of his eye,
Then at his breast he draws the bead
Of his gun barrel—given with bread
By Government—and Scott indeed
Drops to the earth—instantly dead!



Then Konkaput's friend Pangentwa,
Returns the fire with fatal aim ;
And two dead men on drays, they draw
Toward the fort that Clark did name :
Remembering what Scott had read,
And eager to secure safe rest,
Their lonely way, by signs well led,
They with fast progress firmly pressed.

SCENES XX.

THE RECEPTION AND REPORT.

'Twas in a starless night of storm,
And at a late and lonely hour,
They waked the fort, and found a warm
Abode, as if a summer bower
Of evergreen:—grass and wild rye
Were given their patient, meek pack-mules,
All stowed between walls built so high—
There solitude in silence rules.

The inmates, a few weary men,
Had all been tramping from their traps,
And were absorbed in slumbers, when,
These new arrivals made their raps
Upon the gate; but Guero gave
Them *entre* with attentive heeds;
As a bright Ute, both young and brave,
Provided for their pressing needs
And spread them beds on springs of reeds.
The morning dawned most calm and bright
Upon the "Fort at Trappers's Lake;"
When Konkaput, with sad delight,
To the few inmates thus did break
The several acts and earnest scenes
Through which poor Scott and he had passed,
And what their mission really means;
Their fears and labors, first and last.

He says: "Guero, and good friend Clark,
And ye who have me as your guest,
You see both Scott and I embark
In a wise expedition west:
We went the trodden winding trail,
Where rivers bend and rocks abound,
And prowling men and beasts prevail—
Our life seemed lurked for all around.

By a long march at length we reached
The chosen city of Chief Young,
Where Pangentwa, his priest, hath preached
To savages, and prayed and sung ;
He will assist me to describe
The various wonders in our way,
For he is traced from our Ute tribe,
And will be true in all we say.

From Salt Lake City we sent furs
Addressed to some far eastern firms ;
All in exchange, as oft occurs,
And buying goods on the best terms.
For health supplies friend Scott first sought,
And labeled well, as you will learn,
All the best comforts. He then bought
Rare beasts to bear them in return ;
Each burro hath its burden brought.

These patient beasts that bore our packs
And passed along from post to post,
With bags and boxes on their backs,
Helped us so much, but my elk most ;
For he was unworn in the way,
And could have gone at greatest speed,
But he fell dead at break of day—
One homeward dawn—a hunter's deed !
In route we stopped one time to rest,
Where a lone white man had been left
By wanderers that went still west ;
We judged him of all joy bereft !
He lingered by two graves alone ;
His wife and daughter lay there dead ;
He lifted up a long, flat stone
Upon these graves, just at their head ;
Then sat he there, so sad of heart !
The day was light ; his lot was dark !

He yearned to stay, and yet must start
 And leave that stone the grave to mark !
 Another point we passed a spot
 Where three more emigrants, thrown dead
 Into the brush, had all been shot
 By fiends in flesh, who filched and fled !

At last we reached White River Fork,
 And felt refreshed to find us near
 The mark of our first winter-work ;
 Then chanted there our wildest cheer !
 So loud this hunter doubtless heard
 And planted himself at the place,
 Yet would not answer us a word,
 But fiercely saw the white man's face—
 As if he hated all his race !
 He fired one shot, and Scott fell dead !
 This shocked my nerves as ne'er was known ;
 For I was bound, benumbed with dread :
 Scott's life was scarce else than my own.
 Just then, Pangentwa showed his power,
 And jumped so quickly to my side
 That in my sad and sinking hour
 He shot for good "the Shoshone guide."

[Aye, such, I'm bound, will prove to be
 The body we have brought along,
 Which Poisson* there most pointedly
 Did put to death to right Scott's wrong.]
 This precious judge, Priest Pangentwa,
 Who has come here with me, so kind,
 Is a learned doctor from Utah,
 Whose medicine is in his mind—
 His word's full wise, as all will find."

* Poisson is French for fish, which Petit had taught to Konkaput, and it means the same as Pangentwa in Ute. Perhaps Pencher were nearer what Konkaput meant.

SCENES XXI.

DISCOVERY, DISTRESS, DESOLATION: THE INDIAN HAD
KILLED ANOTHER UTE.

King Konkaput's account—his style
And voice, both limpid, bold and low—
Touched the alternate tear and smile,
And, though his English was yet slow,
He mingled grief and joy the while.
Then Pangentwa—thus put in place—
Described with care the closing day,
And the appearance of the face
That they had brought their burdened way,
And there with Scott in silence lay.
Then, too, with sad and solemn tone—
All Mormon ministers must use—
He next made other matters known
Which might their minds thus disabuse,
Their seeming murder to excuse.
They searched the murdered scout, and found
That he was a Ute sentinel,
Who had been set to guard the ground,
And only wished to do it well;
Presuming these were some outpost,
Preparing white men to possess
The mountains with a mighty host,
He wished to hold them in duress.
His gun they found got at some fight
In a deep cañon, like Cheyenne,
While on his arm, in black and white,
Were signs which showed where he had been.
This strange discovery caused distress
To Konkaput, beyond compare:—
“He must have seen Shawsheen, Piesse,”
He said, “and felt my father's care!”
He bent, and clasped the clammy corse,
As if to bid the body speak,

And tell of home for weal or worse ;
 But none could the dead silence break.
 Then Guero gave out pitying groans,
 As if his brother's grave were near;
 Thence mountains echo with their moans,
 And pass them on from year to year.
 Then Saxon Clark to Scott's corpse clung,
 With a deep anguish unto death ;
 His hardy nerves seemed half unstrung
 With broken sighs, warm as his breath,
 And hidden groans, and hoarded grief,
 That filled his cup full to the brim,
 Till in his faith he found relief,
 And learned by heart this funeral hymn :

THE TRAPPERS' TRUST—CLARK'S FUNERAL HYMN FOR SCOTT.

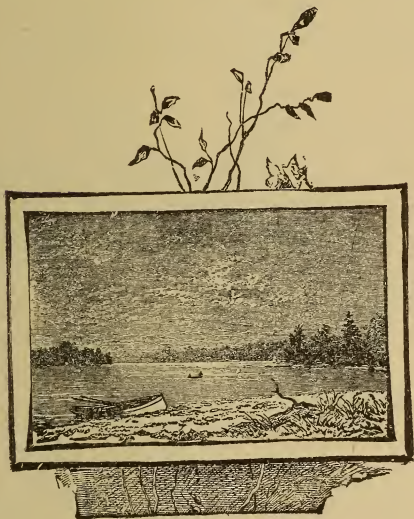
Almighty God, in whom we live
 And move and all our being have ;
 Our murmuring grief do thou forgive,
 And help us for thyself to live,
 And grant us grace for even the grave.

We bury now beneath the ground
 The lifeless bodies thou hast made,
 And in this wilderness profound,
 Where loneliness and death abound,
 We beg thy pity and thine aid !

For the dear kindred of the dead,
 Severed so long, so far away,
 Who know not of this lowly bed
 Where now we lay their weary head,
 Thy presence, too, we pray.

When thou shalt bid the dead come forth,
 From every mountain, plain and sea,
 From the far west, east, south and north,
 From all their graves in all the earth,
 Remember this in thy decree.

So lone the scene at Trappers' Lake !
So lone the ones upon the plain
When Clark and Konkaput did make
The tombs for Scott and Ute scout slain ;
And when, in the forementioned case,
Were met the emigration train
Burying their dead in a lone place,
Where the remains unknown remain !



Ah ! so like one lost off at sea,
Afar, upon the trackless main,
The trapper's funeral must be !
And such, when passing o'er the plain,
An emigrant gives out to die ;
The wife, or daughter, son or sire,
Falls far away, forgot, to lie
On the lone spot where they expire,
With none to watch the signal fire !

SCENES XXII.

WILD INSTINCTS ARE WELL TAMED TO TEAMS—HE DRIVES
FOUR SPANKING DEER IN SPANS.

How Konkaput had lost his moose !
On their return, one frosty morn,
When the large beast was browsing loose
On moss and cones, instead of corn,
A gunning Pa-Ute took good aim,
And, proud as any Indian prince,
Felled the good mark as mortal game—
And claimed the proceeds ever since !



This evil luck were an ill loss,
To Konkaput and to mankind,
Had not his cunning come across
More flexile beasts to fill his mind.
The furriers, found at Trappers' Fort—
Facetious fellows, four or five—
Perceived from the young Ute's report
His best delight such beasts to drive.
So, as true men—not triflers all—
They counseled him to seek and catch
Some stalwart deer, and in their stall
To make these into teams to match.

They state that he can catch some stags,
 Much as he caught his late killed moose,
 By basking in some buckskin bags
 And tossing 'round their necks a noose ;
 That spans of elk have special use,
 In parts that need their nobler powers,
 Which meekly bear even much abuse
 And move on ably many hours ;
 But black-tailed * bucks, led out with bells,
 And on the plan of span with span !
 "A dashing four," driven down the dells,
 Were the delight of any man !
 "So, 'Konkey,' catch them if you can !"



This pleased him well ;
 and right away
 He captured four,
 which he controls
 And drives with dray,
 or sledge-like sleigh,
 Made of a pair
 of willow poles,
 Well rigged for warmth
 and ease to ride,
 With robes and wraps
 for winter trips,
 And harness made
 of handsome hide,
 Arranged in straight
 and even strips.

With this "get-up," so good and gay,
 Of bucks and bells and bison robe,
 Of willow sledge—or winged sleigh—
 He is the gladdest on the globe.

* The black-tailed deer of the Rocky Mountains is more majestic even than the wapiti, or Carolina stag.

He tamed these deer in ten days' time,
And won them in his winning ways,
Till they present appearance prime,
And sliding swift, seem strings of sleighs—
[Just as one's hand may swing his torch
Into a fairy ring of fire,
And rain drops leave their beauteous arch
When heaviest storms hasting retire.]

NOW SEE THE TEAM, SO NEAR THEY SEEM!

Boys could not run to catch a ride
Behind this black-tail team of four,
When they dash up the mountain's side,
As if we ne'er should see them more!
A stage drawn by such driven stags,
And made both light and bright to match,
Might climb the very mountain crags
And prove too much for thieves to catch;
And yet as grand, as swift and gay;
So cheery to both man and child,
That they'd be pleased "to plank the pay"
To go in ways so good and wild.
Now adown the dells, the night deer bells,
I almost hear, and see the deer,
And by the sight my bosom swells,
As deer and bells dash down the dells,
And in my ear the sounds I hear.
Like rattling wheels, or runner steels,
As swift they go o'er ground and snow,
My finest sense sees, hears, and feels,
As music steals in vesper peals,
Through falling snow and fancy's flow.
'Tis Konkaput, o'er rock and rut,
Sweeping his sleigh, like swiftest spray!
I wish I might jump in and ride,
Yet press aside with praise and pride;
And shout: Hurra! Ho! Dash away!

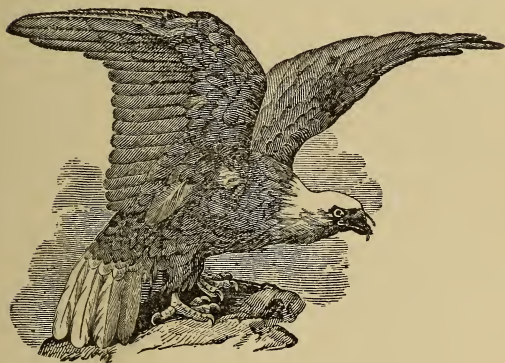


KONKAPUT AND HIS BLACK-TAILED TEAM.

O'er heights and snows, away he goes,
 Nor leaves a track to lead him back ;
 And who can guess, or who that knows
 How fast he goes o'er heights and snows,
 Could find way back without the track.
 It seems full long since with his song
 His sleigh-bells rung out as he sung,
 And on the height in starry night,
 Now flying left, now flying right,
 His last glimpse flung where evening hung !
 But lo ! They're come ! with sleigh-bells home !
 Oh haste with glee, now, there, to see ;
 And fill the hut of Konkaput,
 Or Pelti Fort, with praise and sport,
 And shout and sing : Long live the King !
 The deer-bells ring : Konkaput is King !
 "Konkey" is King, all cry and sing !

Pray, let us ask, at this late day,
 If there be here not something new :
 Why murder beasts made to obey,
 Which, treated well, were servants true ?
 Suppose the bison be well trained ;
 Then—built in every bone for strength—
 They'd make a team not much ashamed,
 For either loads, or journey's length.
 The mountain elk, majestic deer,
 And bison, like the horse and ox,
 May all be changed, mankind to cheer—
 For dogs and cats, coyotes and fox—
 The wolf, well pleased, the Ute employs
 As even a patient, loving pet ;
 And, like the dog, it long enjoys
 Kind friends, and never can forget.
 If even gray wolves, like the greyhound,
 Have proven docile, dutiful,

Why may not many beasts be found
Which can be "broke" and beautiful?
If Signor Blitz's birds obeyed
His bland behest, whate'er he said,
So that they well the warrior played,
The cannon fired, and then feigned dead,
Be even bald eagles bred to use ;
To bear us up on buoyant air,



Or take a treaty or a truce,
Upon their wings, to seats of war.
How useful then that ancient bird,
How like the hurried lightning he ;
His life the servant, sign and lord,
O'er land and sea, of liberty !—
When such are trained, be there to see.

SCENES XXIII.

FROM TRAPPER'S LAKE TO EAGLE'S GLEN.

When Konkaput cut to and fro
Across the mountains, hills and plains,
O'er crystal lakes and crested snow,
And searched for Utes as well as gains,
He drove as fast as he could drive ;
His form was wrapt in finest fur ;
A charmed life he seemed to live ;
He went a wizard, as it were,
And when the winter warmish grows,
And they would gather up their store,
All note how Konkaput well knows
Each bundle he had bound before.
His versatility, so vast,
Adapted to employers' need,
Was leading, from the first to last,
And always marked with special speed.
With Clark he went close by each stream,
From Cache le Poudre—"Hidden Powder"—
To the dry "Fountain's" fairy dream,
And with him ate fish, flesh and chowder.
Here first he met John Charles Fremont,
And brave Kit Carson, then both young,
And found for them the "Soda Font,"
Whence Villa Manitou hath sprung.
And Kah-Ni-Ah-Che, (Taken Down),
By deaths, desertions, left alone,
Had joined "The Path-Finder's" renown—
With him come down from Yellowstone.
Though Kah-Ni-Ah-Che had now learned
Some word of the Apache war,
And its hot burden in him burned,
He would not his friend's pleasure mar.
So, with his sorrows well suppressed
He Konkaput embraces warm,

And wishes him, with all the rest,
By the Great Spirit saved from harm !
Never to feel or know a fear ;
But, born a King, to bear command
In ways successful and sincere—
By nature gifted, noble, grand !
'Tis in Glen Eyrie where they meet :
Here all the outside world seems shut
From the *recherché*, rare retreat,
Save Kah-Ni-Ah-Che and Konkaput ;
While cliffs look down and timber waves,
And brooks refresh both beasts and birds..
Here meet and greet these two Ute braves
With warm embrace and broken words.
This ardent greeting of these Utes,
So suited, eloquent, sincere,
Once more the fancy fond refutes
That "Indian men ne'er shed a tear !"
And all the more since the Stone Chief
There stands, a Roman, in his robe,
Before his squaw, who sits in grief,
Yet patient as a very Job.
Here Kah-Ni-Ah-Che, cherishing
His fears, his hopes, his memories,
Calls these stones "Our Statued King,
And Queen Piesse, so posed as his !"
As Konkaput compares the form,
So tall, majestic in his might,
In winter, summer, sun and storm,
He thus declaims his high delight :

SCENES XXIV.

KONKAPUT'S ODE TO THE OLD STONE KING.

“Grand Sentinel of this sweet glen,
That risest to thy royal height,
And gravely girdest on thy might,
As monarch of both beasts and men,
I thank thee for inspiring thought
Of him who stands of Utes the King,
Of whom his son with pride doth sing,
And her who hath my footsteps taught.

O, glorious porter of the glade,
And of the Rocky Mountain range,
Almost defying time and change,
Of during rock divinely made,
How grandly dost thou stand, adored
By her who waiteth on thy will,
To help thy mission to fulfill,
As if thou wert her King and Lord.

Thou standest straight and tall and grand,
As if aware of strength and worth,
An ordained ruler in the earth,
Born to encourage and command!
I look on thee with love and awe;
I marvel at thy majesty;
Equalled but by the modesty
Of her who sits down as thy squaw
And looketh up to thee as thine
To love and cherish and obey,
And bear thee aid in every way—
Such are the parents I call mine!
To them I haste with all my heart;
In filial love a loyal son;
For soon my wanderings will be done;
And from them then I'll ne'er depart!”



OLD STONE KING.

(From Photo. '73.)

THE DEVOUT YOUNG MAID IN THE GARDEN OF GOD.

Then to the "Garden of the Gods"

They turn, and see stand on his tail
A seal, noting a maid who nods
And kneels—no nun with hood and vail,—
But Queen Shawsheen seemed sitting there,
So lovely and so lifelike too,
So prone and praying in her prayer
To know of one she loved and knew.
There in the "Gateway" toward Pike's Peak
They also see in bas relief,
A lion, and "The Spires" that speak
Of God and heaven in our belief.

Thence they saw an eagle soar,
Which lifts their longings to ascend,
That they, too, eye the mountains o'er,
So thither up Pike's Peak they tend,
Until, in landscapes round them laid,
They see the seasons all set forth
From Pensacola's promenade
To frigid snow fields of the North.

They said: This scene a world is worth!
This glorious land that gave us birth.
Then they retraced their mountain tracks
And down the cañons daring came,
With easy burdens on their backs,
And faces flushed with wind and flame.
For he who'd have the hue of health
Upon his cheeks, and tingling there,
Should see the world in all its wealth,
From snow-clad peaks in thin, clear air;
Then clamber down with clumsy care.

SCENES XXV.

FROM PEAKS TO GLENS, AND BATTLE SCENES.

They wandered then to Rainbow Glen,
To see the beauties of the bow,
Admired so much by other men;
They saw the bow as white as snow,



While voices, set to vernal song,
Echo their accents on the ear,
And leap with live impulse along,
As if they, too, were glad to hear.

In Cheyenne Cañon next they sat,
 And watched the woman weep, in white.
 As if she mourned the murderous fate
 Of those who fell in the late fight.
 Or constant for the sea she calls ;
 Sometimes sits lone the season long,
 And dictates to the cañon walls
 The diapason of her song—
 This woman of "Seven Water Falls :"
 She's like the "Bride of Lake Brientz,"
 The brook that waits her lord's embrace
 To kiss the fair lake's constant face,
 Yet onward hurries ever hence.
 They then went down this wondrous glen,
 Till, looking toward the distant plain,
 They marked the bleaching bones of men—
 Where the Apache hosts were slain.



Here, at this sight,
 Kah-Ni-Ah-Ché
 Told Konkaput,
 with comely grief,
 Of the late war—
 its history,
 And how the Utes
 had lost their Chief!
 The Prince, with weapons
 in his hand,
 Stood awed and speechless
 with bowed head ;
 Then, each emotion
 in command,
 He to himself, half
 silent, said :

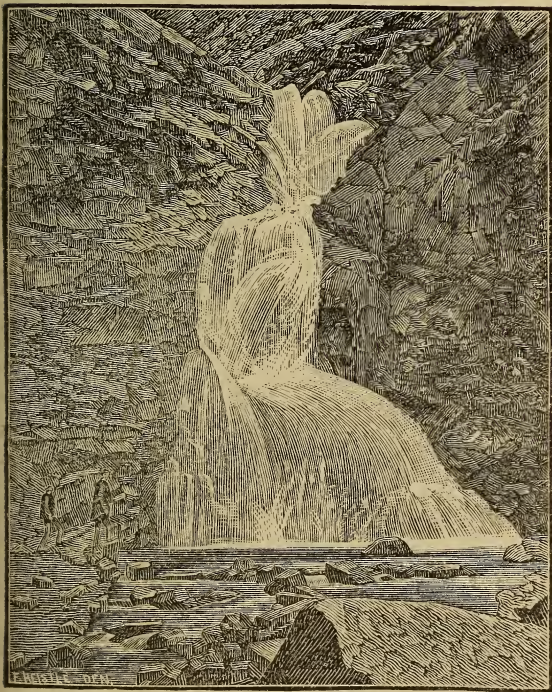
"O, precious parent! all my pride!
 Who wast of me so warmly proud ;

For thee I would have fondly died !”

And then and thus he wept aloud :

“ Oh ! but art thou dead ? Who knows, indeed !

Thou wouldst have sought and sent for me,



THE WOMAN OF SEVEN WATER FALLS.

(From Photo. by Collier, 1873.)

If living now, in luck or need.

So thou art dead ? Nay, it can't be !

King Colorado could not die

Without the mountains weep and mourn ;

These stony cliffs standing so high,
 The earth and sky, were then forlorn !
 My duty, therefore, is defined ;
 I'll seek my parents and Shawsheen !
 If they are safe, so is my mind ;
 I'll see right soon what may be seen."
 Yes, such the soul of this sage youth,
 His filial duties first to feel,
 Then trial of his heathen troth—
 Kind nerves of steel he can reveal.

Guero, Pangentwa and their Chief
 Are on their way, in one short hour,
 To learn—what staggers their belief—
 The impotence of the Ute power,
 Shawsheen's sad capture by the Sioux,
 The deaths of Coloro and Piesse—
 On knowing all this awful news
 The Prince has strength like his distress !

He sped first to Nevava Spring ;
 Then sought his father's final scene,
 And then the grave of the grand King,
 (The bravest brave) embanked between
 Twin Lakes, where his loved infancy
 Used radiate, and learned to roam ;
 There fragrant wilds still furnished free
 Inhalements from his early home,
 But grief more grew as memory !
 There, by King Colorado's grave
 He longed to see Piesse, likewise,
 Where rocks still wait and wild pines wave,
 And haloes hover in the skies.
 There 'mid lone scenes he sat alone,
 And wished no comrade to come near ;
 Yet a few tents there heard his moan,
 And these the heartfelt sighs they hear :

KONKAPUT'S APOSTROPHE AT HIS PARENTS' TOMB.

Brave King of Utes ! One by thee bred
Here lays his head upon thy bed,
In pain for each departed joy,
Where he was once thy happy boy !
I sigh just where I used to sing,
And called my sire both sage and King ;
I bow oppressed beneath the rod
Of Senoblaze, our sovereign God !

O, quiet parent, Queen Piesse,
So true in all thy trustfulness,
Who sharedst distress with my distress,
Whom loyal Utes all loved to bless,
King Colorado's comely Queen,
With softest heart earth's sons have seen,
Yet too maternal to be mean ;
Thy grand affection's fresh and green !

O, would that Shawsheen here were laid ;
My dear, my modest, dusky maid ;
That by thy side, her form secure
From cruel acts and crimes impure,
With sacred rest and safety blessed,
By none disturbed, by none distressed,
Might lay her head beside thy bed,
Her form for aye unravished !

SCENES XXVI.

THE PLAN OF SEARCH FOR POOR SHAWSHEEN.

At the Twin Lakes he met his braves,
Rehearsed to them their rights and wrongs
And pointing to his parents' graves,
Their hapless sisters held in thongs,
Then placed before them his bold plan—
To find and fetch back, if they could,
The maids, each by a single man,
With stated means, well understood.
He plans at once both war and peace :
Let peace lead to preserve alive
Our loved ones whom we would release ;
But if this fail, then I would drive
The fiercest war, with fury wild,
Till fighting, conquer every foe ;
And catch and cheer each captive child,
And fetch our women from their woe.
"Arrow, Pangentwa, and Guero,
Fly each," he says, "pursue the trail !
Aye, hither, thither, hurrying go
To find some trail—and without fail
To both the captives and the crown !
And this I pledge : Who best succeeds
Shall share Shawsheen's and my renown,
And henceforth my first cohorts leads."
But the young King, with youthful guise
And special fitness for a spy,
Resolves to rescue, as his prize,
Shawsheen, or in the effort die !
He fancies he can find the foe,
And be a Bannock boy astray,
In a disguise no one would know,
Till he will bear his bride away.
With English, French, Bannock, Shoshone,
Cheyenne, Apache, Navajo,



TWIN LAKES.—TAKEN AFTER THE FIRE AND WAR.

As dialects, used like his own,
 He might be as an Apaché,
 Well feign himself, friend, foe, at will,
 Feel self possessed at savage feasts,
 Nor scarce exhaust his easy skill
 That was termed best in taming beasts,
 But now would serve him better still.
 To this the council thus assent :
 They bind themselves in brotherhood ;
 And forthwith warriors fearless went
 To bring back all their stolen brood,
 Or have a war of vast extent.
 As planned, the King, in costume plain,
 Brought from the scenes where he was born,
 Passed quickly where "Coloro" was slain,
 And whence Shawsheen herself was torn
 And carried to captivity :
 Then he renewed his resolve there
 To lead his maid to liberty,
 Or die at last in lone despair !

 SCENES XXVII.

THE YOUNG KING SETS OUT ON HIS SEARCH.

He hastened thence down from the height,
 And hurried out upon the plain,
 In a poor Bannock's piteous plight,
 With broken heart and harrowed brain ;
 With bow and arrows badly worn,
 With leggings, shreds of leather string,
 And looks so abject and forlorn,
 No Ute could thus have known his King.
 A tepee of Arapahoes,
 Where Denver is, he reached one even,
 But of Ute Squaws no inmate knows,
 Though guileful answers are him given ;

Until, as a stray Bannock boy,
He tells of torrents, rivers, rocks,
And how that tribe their time employ;
Then they beg news from the Bannocks.
The women, too, of this tepee,
Look wondering round the way-worn lad,
Beseeching who the boy can be,
Also what makes his mien so sad;
But, of them all, no one has seen
A Bannock or a Ute young maid;
So, surely then, there's no Shawsheen
Sheltered there in their tepee shade.

The fierce Apaches he must find!
So, weak and weary, lone and lame,
From ^{*}hunger and fatigue combined
(For he had gotten naught of game),
He reached the Apache village soon,
By a forced march of four more days;
And entering it, now about noon,
He set the squaws all in amaze,
Who gathered round, on him to gaze!
The braves were off, in broken bands,
A hunting, fishing, or at war;
And his sad plight at once commands
The tepees' kindest, tenderest care.

The aunt of Arrow—noble squaw!
Prepares a mess of savory meat,
And near the "Bannock boy" doth draw
With the request: "Pray, rest and eat!"
But he would neither eat nor rest,
As a lame "Bannock boy" alone,
Till this dame squaw he thus addressed:
"Please name what captives here are known."
"Ah," she inquires, "Why should you ask?
The Ute-Apache war is known;

And no man can, under a mask,
 This question ask of me alone ! ”
 He says : “ Once, in La Salle Bayou,
 I saw a bright and brave Ute boy,
 The noblest Ute I ever knew,
 Whose sister was a sunshine joy ;
 Her name was Shawsheen—Shining River ;
 I heard Kit Carson’s Indian guide
 Say, ‘ She’s been stolen from their quiver,
 And is a captive, or has died ! ’ ”

The squaw—fears thus first overcome—
 Explains with eloquence the war,
 Of which we’ve seen before the sum,
 Then says of her he’s seeking for :
 “ Cheyennes first caught the fair Shawsheen,
 Though a Sioux Chief seized her away ;
 And there has been a strife between
 These tribes for her unto this day.
 Each Chief would choose her for his wife,
 And make her Queen of all his squaws,
 Did not this strife danger her life,
 And condign laws condemn her cause.
 Their laws, or customs, lead to kill
 The goodliest captives they can get,
 Some fearful sun-vow to fulfill ;
 And Shawsheen may be burned up yet ! ”

When thus informed of others’ fears
 His person grew so gaunt and faint,
 As of a youth beyond his years,
 Some ancient sage, or aged saint,
 He sweat cold dripping drops of sweat ;
 And swayed down as if dead of swoon,
 Yet lisped to the kind squaw to let
 None see, for he’d be rested soon ;
 ‘Twas but fatigue and heat of noon !

The good squaw, Pergamance, by name,
Then placed him on a bison skin,
"The Bannock boy so lone and lame,"
And suffered none her tent within ;
But, seated near, she softly sung,
As if in person of Piesse,
Such odes as used his ears when young ;
Of tenderness over distress—
Souls blossoming, indeed, to bless.

PERGAMANCE'S SONG, SO LIKE PIESSE,
THE POOR BANNOCK BOY TO PRAISE AND BLESS.

Strolling here a hapless stranger,
Over plains and mountains dreary,
He has come, a desert ranger,
Here for rest, so faint and weary ;
Let him rest. Let him rest !
He has come from Bannock mountains,
Through the forest, o'er the river,
By the lakes and by the fountains,
With worn bow and wasted quiver ;
Here to sleep. Let him sleep !
He has left somewhere his mother ;
I can see her in the distance :
He has praised Shawsheen's half-brother,
And has come to her assistance—
Who can tell? Let none tell !
His appearance, poor, but royal,
So exhausted for some reason ;
No deserter, nor disloyal ;
Toward his tribe he has no treason ;
He is true ; surely true !
Let him rest, then—sleep on sweetly,
Till the summer's sun is setting,
Till he is refreshed completely,
Every want and woe forgetting ;
Then wake up ! Cheer thee up !

SCENES XXVIII.

HE IS CHERISHED BY "CHANCE," WHO SHOWS HIM
SHAWSHEEN'S CROWN.

That simple song seemed so refreshing,
In his ears sung o'er and o'er ;
Like his mother's matchless blessing,
Blessed the more, since shared before,
That he rested safe till sunset,
When she fetched him finer food,
And her viand—venison cutlet—
He pronounced supremely good.

She told him then of their surprise
To see a youth, so strong of frame,
So wan of face, in fact so wise,
And said : " We wish to know your name.
We will keep all your counsels well :
My husband Shawsheen's uncle is,
And he will all about her tell
If you have such a mind as his !"
Just now her sovereign, " Chance " by name,
A proved and young Apache chief,
With choicest game, and good cheer, came,
And hastened to the boy's relief,
With fine red raspberries, he found,
That, as a plume, had graced the plain,
Upon a piece of platted ground
Where, long ago, some chiefs were slain.

Then, sitting at the sad youth's side,
Whom he believed a Bannock boy,
Or some exhausted mountain guide,
He planned what wisdom to employ
To conquer the youth's self control,
Determined, like some deep despair,
To get the secret of his soul,
And why for captives he should care.

He said: "I'm one whom you can trust :
I know Shawsheen, of whom you speak ;
Her parents are judicious, just,
And may have sent you here to seek
Their daughter, in this dangerous place ;
For Utes offended us full sore,
When, as their guests, we joined their race
And fairly won each round and score ;
But they claimed all we had, and more.

Yet we've heard well of Konkaput,
Chief Colorado's only child,
Upon whose head Shawsheen had put
A royal wreath in regions wild ;
A gift which he had kept with care,
Until one day he went away,
When he returned it with the prayer :
'Keep this with care, without decay,
Till I return, with you to stay !
Remember me, and what I say !'
When she was captured in a cave,
In the Arkansas valley's side,
The bright young squaw, with spirit brave,
Tried in the cave the crown to hide ;
But she and it alike were caught,
By the Cheyennes and bloody Sioux ;
And to my tent 'twas sent, and brought
By unknown squaws, who told the news."

"Have you that crown?" here cries the boy ;
Yes; Pergamance preserves it well !"—
This joint discovery's overjoy
Was soon suppressed ; then Chance did tell
Of Shawsheen's captors—the whole case—
And how he'd tried to buy the maid ;
But they forbade him see her face,
Or send her messages or aid.

"Shawsheen," he says, "is with the Sioux,
 At present pressing towards the North ;
 And no device, that I can use,
 Can ever bring the captive forth.

Shawsheen is sister to Arrow,
 The bravest boy I ever saw ;
 And, though my niece, I'd have you know,
 She is indeed the brightest squaw.

I never tire of time to tell
 Of these half Utes, high in esteem,
 In all the scenes where the Utes dwell,
 By lakes, and cliffs, and mountain stream ;
 Yet the Great Spirit never speaks
 In voice more clarion-like and clear,
 From blackening clouds, on mountain peaks,
 Than to the Utes the previous year.

Their king was killed, and his squaw died,
 And this betrothed of their one son,
 Who was, of all the Utes, their pride,
 Is either dead, or else undone ;
 His Queen is gone, who brought his crown
 With her, a captive held complete ;
 And the Ute race must all run down,
 Unless their King this Queen shall meet !"
 Here Pergamance produced the crown,
 So well preserved, it seemed the same
 As when first worn they both went down
 As guides for his good fallen game :
 And yet the youth withheld his name ;
 But said : "Send this to young Arrow,
 Without delay ; without decay !
 Nor say me nay ; for I must go !"
 So spake the boy, then sped away.

SCENES XXIX.

THE FARTHER SEARCH AMONG THE SIOUX.

As when Elijah forty days
Went on the strength of one repast—
An angel's present in his praise—
So one light meal did seem to last
The "Stray Bannock," begetting strength,
As from some superhuman source,
To lead through journeys of great length,
Filling him full of faith and force.

Imagination reaches not
The stretch and strength that struggle there,
With none to speak or name a spot,
To cheer his distance and despair.
E'en valiant sympathy in vain
Would see this wanderer's suffering way,
Plunging the desert's dusty plain,
And marching both by moon and day.

Yet Konkaput went o'er the wild,
With nought but wind to note a word,
Cherished by none, not even a child—
(When Hagar heard her son and Lord),
He marched like death the desert main,
Where ancient oceans used to wave,
But where not even a bit of rain
Or drop of dew would weep his grave!

Through heat and cold, all day and night,
He trod the arid Indian trail,
Until, at length, he caught the sight
That makes the strong man's spirit quail—
Of warriors flying with the wind,
And rushing for him in full run,
To catch or kill whatever kind
Of man he were, or more than one.

With salutation of a friend,
 In the Sioux dialect he said :
 "I must be near my journey's end ;
 I hope for food, rest for my head,
 And a good time to tell the tales
 I've heard among the brave Bannocks,
 Whose friendly nature never fails
 The stranger searching for stray flocks."

At this the warriors wish him well :
 One mounts him meekly on behind ;
 They take him to a distant dell,
 There to make known their Council's mind.
 This beautiful and high-banked vale,
 Was by a branch of Yellowstone,
 Where outside winds would not assail,
 And the Sioux camp could scarce be known.

Here Antelope, a young Ute brave,
 Who was with Petit's peltry band,
 Is held a sly and half-starved slave,
 And bidden : "Here, take this boy in hand !
 Go rest and feed him in his route
 Till Council can consult his case,
 Find what the Bannock boy's about,
 And why so faint, and sad his face !"

When these two Utes are thence alone,
 Young Konkaput in haste inquires :
 "Have you not ever heard or known
 About the Sioux's sun-dance and fires ?
 At which they burn their captives best,
 As by some solemn sun-vows bound,
 And then reserve, as slaves, the rest,
 To sacrifice on some chief's mound ?"

To this the plaintive slave replies :
 "I did hear, but the other day,

And sadly, to my own surprise,
That 'twas resolved some Utes to slay,
Who had been captured in a war
With King Coloro, and brought away.
So soon as safe, names I asked for,
And when would be the wild display.

A tender squaw then told me all :
How Sioux, Apaches and Cheyennes
Did on the Ute encampment fall,
Upon their heights and in their glens,
And killed their King and caught Shawsheen,
The promised mate of his one son,
Whom all the Utes called King and Queen—
And to be burned Shawsheen was one !”

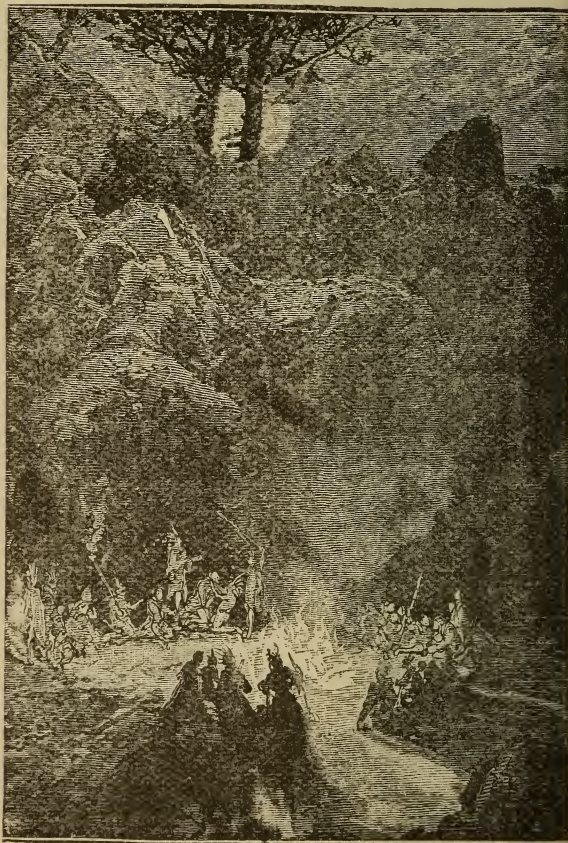
(Konkaput.)

Where is Shawsheen? Did you inquire?
And where, when, will her burning be?
Why burn they foes so in the fire?—
Will they let me be there to see?

(Antelope.)

I could not learn the place nor day,
Nor other of the victims' names ;
But that to grace the grand display
Shawsheen was first sought for the flames !
Nor could the kind squaw quite recall
Whether this deed had not been done,
Or Shawsheen should be burned as all,
And offered at the dance alone.
I dared not ask her any more,
Lest my Ute nation be made known,
Which I had kept concealed before—
For I am held as a Shoshone !

At this King Konkaput reveals
Himself to Antelope in haste,
And nothing from his friend conceals ;



Both one cup's bitterness can taste !
For Council the meanwhile have met
And bidden to bind the "Bannock`boy,"

Till they shall further reasons get
Why they should not his life destroy.

“His movements, how mysterious!
His mind has an uncommon mien;”
They say: “And why he seemeth thus
Remaineth to be really seen.
Let him be held as the Sioux’ slave
Who brought him undefended here;
For he may prove a Bannock brave
Whom in the future we shall fear!”

So, wood and water carriers kept,
These Utes (their nation yet unknown),
Who have as friends together slept,
But slaves now, “Bannock” and “Shoshone,”
Finding and sharing fellow fate,
Keep searching eyes on the Sioux camp;
For wisdom, wind and weather wait,
Meaning to try soon mutual tramp

For freedom, as firm, faithful friends;
But first to save Shawsheen alive,
If in the attempt existence ends;
And in this thrilling hope they thrive.
The “Bannock boy,” with Antelope,
Is kept in camp among the squaws,
Who help in various ways his hope,
As even the wind is shown with straws
By gravitation’s grandest laws.

SCENES XXX.

THE SUN DANCE AND THE SACRIFICE.

It's hard for human eyes to see,
 Or benign credence to believe,
 That conscious beings e'er could be
 So gratified when others grieve,
 As to delight in torturing death ;
 To kindle fires, like cruel fiends,
 Around a brother creature's breath,
 Away from home, away from friends !
 But, with most vicious heathen views,
 It was a custom of Cheyennes,*
 And sometimes practiced with the Sioux,
 To desecrate our plains and glens
 By burning, unto Senoblaze,
 The noblest captives they could take,
 And on their writhing victims gaze,
 While dancing round the burning stake !
 And further ; power to appease,
 The Sioux would dance, as with the sun,
 And on themselves and others seize,
 And cut their flesh till flow and run
 The crimson globules on the ground ;
 And for whole days—and nights, indeed—
 The suffering dupes still dance around
 And blaze their flesh, and freshly bleed.
 Such is the savage thirst for blood,
 In pretense to propitate,
 That the most guileless and most good
 For public evils expiate ;
 And passion, like an appetite,
 Both suicidal and severe,

* Mrs. Ewbanks testified : " During the winter of my captivity (1864-5) the Cheyennes came to buy me and my child of the Sioux, for the purpose of burning us." Major Whitely said : " The same year these Indians had captured a Ute squaw and determined to burn her, but she was rescued by our soldiers after she had been tied to the stake and the fires lighted."

So ruins human sense of right
That hell is oft foretasted here.
Some can thus cite the Cannonite,
Who sacrificed of his own flesh,
And practiced many a pagan rite,
Till ages gone are given afresh
In these same views of heathen vice
That work destruction to the race,
As if a virtuous benefice
Were these great frauds on God's free grace.
But this on par with Petit stood,
Who fell consumed by a fiery curse
Which blasted his own brotherhood
And made his passions so perverse
That even his fur-trade had to fail ;
His helpers left, his Utes so strayed
Two fell into the Blackfeet's trail,
And were, like pack mules, porters made.
One fearing Petit would him kill
Become again Kit Carson's guide,
One only stood by the Frenchman still—
Till Petit a poor drunkard died !
This was now Antelope—the slave—
Who, ere dishonor would choose death !
He plans both King and Queen to save,
And seeks what the Sioux Sachem saith.
So Konkaput—as we have seen—
This partner's found from "Petit's five,"
To share his fate and find Shawsheen,
And save themselves and her alive.
Lest Sioux should expiate their sin,
By seizing them to bind and burn,
This Antelope thus enters in
To his King's counsels with concern :
"Good Konkaput, be called Clark's guide !"
He says ; then tells a squaw at once

To make this known both far and wide
 That this "Bannock"—supposed a dunce—
 Is a most useful Indian guide ;
 That he served whiteman Clark six months,
 And promises, with prudent pride,
 To help the Sioux pursue their hunts !
 This information flies like fire ;
 From direful instinct to destroy,
 The Indian men now much admire
 The brilliant but sad Bannock boy.
 Another Council calls his aid
 In an excursion the next day,
 With preparations promptly made
 To do what shall his skill display.
 This affords chance to win his Chief,
 (For whom he gets abundant game
 That gives the glutton great relief),
 And shyly speak of Shawsheen's name.
 He says: "When I was with Sir Clark,
 Kit Carson's guide gave me a case
 So really worthy of remark,
 I will repeat it in this place :
 "There was a squaw, Queen of the Utes,
 Taken, I think, from King Coloro'
 By some Cheyennes*—named after brutes,
 And now called "Dog Indians," you know ;
 Her name he gave me as Shawsheen,
 In part, Apache, I believe ;
 This Queen of Utes you may have seen,
 Or heard how for her the Utes grieve ;
 If so her sketch let me receive !"
 To this appeal, the Chief replies :
 "The Sioux have seen this same Shawsheen,
 Whose royal skill reached to the skies !
 I tried to keep her a true Queen,

* Cheyenne, from French *chien*, dog.

From seizure as a sacrifice ;
But, true, the Sioux have sometimes tried
To sacrifice royal supplies ;
And the best captives thus have died !
'Twas so one day, at a sun-dance,
They shouted : ' Let us Shawsheen take !'
Till, with her hands tied in advance,
They bound her to the burning stake ;—
Just then white people joined their power,
Laid waste our camp and cut her loose,
And bore her off that very hour,
Subjecting me to much abuse !
I deemed, from what seemed their disputes
(With no reports to rely on),
That she was not sent to the Utes,
But went at once to Oregon ;
For such the course the caravan
Pursued with great persistency,
With plainest purpose in their plan
To settle near the Sunset Sea.
They were attended, at the time,
By soldiers of some big command,
Who have come here for the high crime
To let whites live on red men's land !
But 'tis for aid against these foes
The Sioux decreed a sun-dance soon,
That we may crush both whites and Crows
Who must be met in one more moon.
We call for skill to scalp and kill
Foes white and red, both far and near ;
Also for aid to feed and fill
Pappoose and squaw with peah, deer,
To warm them in the winter's chill
With furs from both queant, the bear,
And the wise fox, wa-hee, at will :
To-morrow, the Sioux sun-dance share !

There noblest braves from near and far
 Will gather in wild, gay attire,
 To win for us favor in war
 And seek the Sun with sacred fire.
 To fit their bodies foes to beat,
 Upon the fiercest battle field,
 They'll wound their flesh, as warriors meet,
 With yells and whoops, never to yield !'' *
 Thus, well informed, the young King found
 Ute Antelope without a sound.

SCENES XXXI.

THE SUDDEN ESCAPE.

That night those slaves thought not of sleep.
 King Konkaput came still and lone
 To his young friend, who watch did keep,
 Named the near danger now made known ;
 How the sun-dance would be next day,
 And was to be in aid of war ;
 So doubtless during the display
 Some sacrifice would be sought for ;
 That when they'd flayed their own red flesh
 They'd no doubt cap the climax dire,
 And from their slaves the ones most fresh
 Would be by force bound in the fire ;
 That as had been, in other days,
 Their victims might, in vengeance bound,
 Be tortured, too, in untold ways,
 While warriors whooped and danced around ;
 That their best prospect must be, pray,
 And then to practice as their prayer ;
 So he asked wisdom in the way
 And skill to escape the savage snare.

* The Boston Congregationalist published in 1879 a full description of such a Sioux war-dance, which actually occurred that year.

He told his Maker all his mind—

As he had showed his mate, to share
The care of heaven for human kind—

And prayed assistance to prepare
To fly as on the winged wind!,
A young squaw, by name Opeeche,
Robin-red-breast, heard their converse
And made known her hearty pity;

Then in words most kind and terse
Told them of the way before them;

Gathered softly, like a sutler,
Such stout food as would restore them,
Proved both a baker and a butler,
As in silence she fast served them;

And most thoughtful packed their things,
Till her nobler nature nerved them

With these words: "Now use your wings!"
[In this Sioux' praise much should be said:



Her hair and head
As if "half bred,"
Though neat and good
Were of full blood,
And ne'er a brave
Did so well save
A captive slave.
This noble squaw
At one time saw
A pale-faced dame
Who captive came,
And her distress
She sought to bless,

And in the course of many days

She so admired her mind and shape
She imitated all her ways,

And planned her sure and safe escape,
And won almost angelic praise.]

The Utes then take a loaded gun
 And ammunition suiting it,
 And seek for steeds that fastest run,
 With all things in a wise outfit;
 And swift prepare two steeds of war
 And fly toward the Mountain Gate,
 As if their steeds wild eagles were,
 Nor do they fear—nor foe, nor fate.



Their horses plunge
 o'er hill and plain;
 They lasso new ones
 as they need;

Bend them by might to bit and rein,
 And on and on, still on, they speed—
 The heavenly legions in their lead.
 The Great Spirit ne'er spent all
 His pitying, interposing power;
 And when King Konkaput did call
 For aid to escape that awful hour
 In so sublimely simple prayer,
 His Senoblaze sent down to bless
 And take them in his tender care,
 Delivering them in their distress,
 With all a Father's tenderness;
 And it may be that saints were there to see.

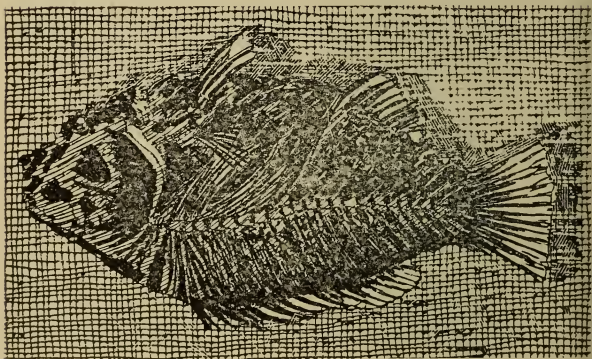
SCENES XXXII.

FROM THE MOUNTAIN GATE TO THE OCEAN COAST.

The gateway of the mountains grand,
 And Hell Gate, called—that horrid pass—
 Near where now Helena doth stand,
 Beneath a sky of spangled glass,
 Young Antelope and Konkaput
 Now traveled, trusting, most the night,
 Until they bode no evil but
 The risk they might not move aright.



As prayer and provender do not
 Delay wise travelers on their way,
 They seek oft some secluded spot
 For beasts to graze, themselves to pray—
 King Konkaput learned this from Clark,
 Who taught "to labor and to wait,"
 And used, sometimes, to stop and hark
 As if some voice he heard in strait.
 They loitered so in lovely scenes,
 That man and beast might breathe and rest;
 They marked what each new omen means,
 To see if they were cursed or blessed.
 They even noticed how the sea
 Once waved about and overhead,
 And felt an awful majesty
 Of power was near where'er they tread.



These untaught Indians also saw
 In rocks and winds whate'er they wish
 And found here fossils with felt awe—
 The shapes of shells, outlines of fish.
 And in these solitudes alone
 They marveled at these mysteries

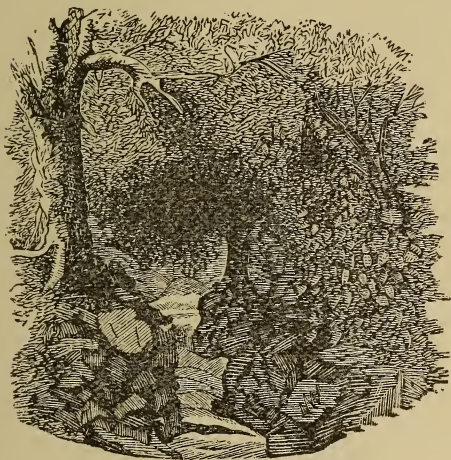
Which pointed now to power unknown,
That worked here through wide centuries.
Yet none of these kept the young King
From pressing on in his pursuits
Of her whom he kept worshipping,
His own betrothed, the Queen of Utes.
And though they had to hunt for game,
With an old gun they took from Sioux,
King Konkaput still sought her name
'Mong squalid tribes, and for the news.
Shawsheen, if she be saved alive,
And borne on by that caravan,
Must be where Indians still survive,
And yet with the frontier white man.
"The grape-vine telegraph" 's not grown
To such size there that they can see
A single native that has known
The slightest clue where she can be.
The Flat-Heads seem such home-bred fools
They hear not, hope not help from these ;
But Walla-Wallas want white schools,
And try the pale faces to please ;
So thither they wend first their way,
And, with a march of weeks, they make
The "Walla downs" one cool, wet day,
Where hills the ocean breezes break.
Here Konkaput, in haste, inquires,
By hybred tongues, his best in tone,
For the fair damsel he desires—
But of her name no hint is known !
The Umatillas then he tries—
Of white or red they've not a word ;
Though grand his search, their great surprise,
Assures, of Shawsheen they've not heard.
He wanders then where Willamette
Her silver stream hastes to the sea ;

There seeks again some sound to get,
 To break the seal where she may be.
 But all is silent as a tomb,
 'Mong Indians, white men, English, French,
 And fruitless as a barren womb
 His inquiries, which naught can quench.
 He wanders even in wildest night
 With hope to hear one helping word,
 And seeks all haunts to have a sight
 Of even her corpse—all hope's deferred !
 He seeks next here, the sea side near,
 At sundown, and "Shawsheen !" doth sigh,
 Turning his ear in turn to hear
 If echo shall Shawsheen reply.

He stands alone where all is still,
 Except the waves that seem to weep
 And throb as with his anxious thrill,
 And dictate pulses to the deep ;
 He sits here silent near the sea,
 To hear its sougning,* hollow sound,
 Till in its measured minstrelsy
 He fancies Shawsheen here is found.
 But Antelope becomes oppressed
 With pity and their poverty—
 They have nowhere their heads to rest—
 He wonders what the end will be ;
 Next wanders to a neighboring wood
 And digs them clean a den or cave,
 In which to store stipends of food
 And seek his love-sick King to save !
 It was indeed a wild beasts' den,
 In which a bear once reared her cubs,
 Hidden away from haunts of men,
 By shelt'ring rocks and shady shrubs,

* Pronounced suffing.

And hemmed in by both sea and hills,
A place almost on Adams' point,
Which nature with fond beauty fills
When native suns the scenes anoint.



By months—a year—this is their “Berne,”
Though journeys to the neighboring whites
They take by turn, tidings to learn,
And Konkaput his cause recites,
And day by day still more desires
To know who’s seen his maid Shawsheen—
At length poor Antelope expires,
Of pity for his King and Queen !

ANTELOPE BURIED BY KONKAPUT.

Then Konkaput, compelled by fate,
Feeble in health, and faint at heart,
Lifts mournfully his lifeless mate,
With none to pity or take part ;
And stepping light, lays him in state

Beside the sea—beneath a tree—
Sad duty, and so desolate !

Then sigheth he : “ Except the sea,
Soon none there’ll be to bury me ! ”
How lonely now his life alone !

No wonder if he wander ’round
And make the rocks repeat his moan,
Till like insanity they sound !
Or speak he language not his own ;



Repeating maxims most profound,
And naming annals he’d not known,
But heard from beings hovering round,
Or thrills electric from the Throne !

Or if o’er stepped its bound his dream,
And a somnambulist he seem ;

Or he a suicide shall be,
Self-buried in the boundless sea—
The solemn sea !

SCENES XXXIII.

THE LAST LONE INDIAN'S SOLILOQUY AND SUICIDE.

Most Indians have been heard complain
That there will soon no more remain,
And in their fancy they portray
The last lone one to pass away ;
And Konkaput, the kingly Chief,
Impersonates this sad belief,
As in Point Adams' setting day
Upon some cliff we hear him say :

“ ‘The last lone Indian,’ here I stand !
Eastward is my father-land ;
Westward rolls this wide, rough sea,
My final resting place to be.
Behind me stand stone mountains brave,
And 'round primeval forests wave ;
'Tis here I stand and lonely wait
To find “the last lone Indian's” fate !
The faithful Sun there hides his face
And blushes to behold my race ;
That Sun—my sire's great God was he—
Paid daily visits dear to me ;
And now in this descending day
Is still the last to pass away,
Of those endearing, early joys
That our brave chieftains willed their boys.
O'er distant heights are scenes too dear
To be forgotten, even here.
A savage can't forget his home,
Though forced by fate afar to roam—
A savage? Yes, he has a heart
That hates from all that's his to part ;
He can't forget his fearless sires
Nor all destroy innate desires !
When both red men and white combine
To tear from me myself and mine,

And from my life my love to tear,
My swelling wrath doth move and swear
Resentment, even to all my race !
But nay ; to passion give no place !
With kind amaze, composed I'll gaze
On the dear scenes of other days !
Through this fair land our fathers lie
In well skilled mounds that mold the sky ;
I've roamed oft times with reverence due,
Vast marches made those mounds to view.
And then in wildered mood I've walked,
And to myself in silence talked
Of the departed ancient dead,
Where now the "pale-faced nation" tread.
My sires have often told me, too,
Of noblest red men that they knew ;
Complained that Logan's grave is plowed,
That no one knows where Philip bowed,
Or where Tecumseh's tomb is now ;
Or where Black-Hawk is lying low,
And where our Great Chief's children go
No pale-face notes, though well he know !
My fond Ute father has his grave
Where Twin Lakes waters weep and wave ;
And the dear one who gave me birth,
Whose mother-smile smoothed all my mirth,
Whose hand my venison prepared,
Nor shunned to lift each load I shared,
Whose jealous eyes with instant joy
Were happy in her happy boy ;
Who wished my soul to see the way
To sun-lit heaven, where setting day
Hath peace and plenty all embraced
In depth of wood and watery waste,
And oft expressed the fond desire
That does for aye my bosom fire,

That when I die I might there fly
And be her constant company—
That one, dear one, was buried, too,
Where the same pine tree peaceful grew;
And when I sat beneath that tree,
My mother! I did mourn for thee,
And for that princely fallen pride
That sits in silence at thy side!

I mourn for all mementoes dear
That memory mingles there and here!

Lamented dead! most dearly loved!
How sadly has my sore heart roved
Away, afar, for one ye prize,
Most lovely in my longing eyes,
Whose cruel fate, heart crushed I feel,
With no kind hand to break the seal;
It is for her and you I heave
My hopeless sighs, and hapless grieve!
Oh, when I think of Indians slain,
By those who do our dust disdain,
How can I but for vengeance plead
And bid fierce indignation lead,
Until the last red blood is shed
And mingled with the trampled dead?
I will eternal vengeance swear,
And with my war-cry rend the air!
Ye craggy peaks, thou ocean wave,
Repeat my oath, prepare my grave!
To desperation I am mad!
Revenge enough we never had;
Revenge! revenge! revenge, or death!
I'll breathe revenge in my last breath,
And bid death groan above my grave:
"Swear to avenge the Indian brave!"

But hold! My passion burns too high!
I'll rest, and ask the reason why

Old hunting grounds no more remain,
 And white men move above my slain ;
 Why o'er them run their public roads,
 Where heartless teamsters haul their loads ;
 And reverently will I survey
 The reasons why we're swept away !



My fancy sees a rising
 smoke
 Beneath a long since
 leveled oak ;
 A rude tent's there,
 yet royal, poor,
 The Kings of Isle,
 San Salvador !
 Distinguished men,
 from o'er the main,
 There meet and speak
 from ships of Spain,
 While the poor
 Indians all adore
 And wish their angel
 forms ashore—
 And are made slaves—
 forevermore !

And next, new wanderers o'er the wave,
 Good Pilgrims, came, to whom we gave
 Immediate welcome with our maize,
 Which cost real toil to rudely raise ;
 Who soon usurped our native soil
 And sped our hunting grounds to spoil,
 Our fathers' graves to foully mar,
 And forced us to ill-fated war !
 But Science—O, that subtle name—
 The patron of those pilgrims came,

And changed our maize* to murderous rum,
To blast all hopes and blight our home ;
And ores, yet useless in our eyes,
Their shafts of death would shortly rise,
Till where we feathered arrows threw
Like bolts of flame their bullets flew ;
And where we moored our bark canoe,
Enchanted forests, steam-boats grew ;
And where we traced our winding trail
They'd send direct a daily mail ;
And where we forced our single file
They would construct a wide canal,
Or thought in weeks we'd traveled far
They send per day their peopled car.
'Tis thus they fought us, thus we fell—
Their Science does the secret tell—
'Twas not their valor more than ours,
Nor yet their prouder civil powers,
But simple Science tells the tale
Why they had fortune, we did fail ;
Till where our Chief's slow message went
Their mandate is by lightning sent !
Then, had my race employed her power,
We, too, had prospered till this hour ;
And forest wilds, our fertile fields,
To us had given their golden yields ;
And happy sires and home-bred sons
Had prized their farms as precious ones,
And mastered arts which make them thus,
And owned Him good who gave them us ;
Who grants us, as the gifts of God,
The hills and brooks, the heavens broad,
The brilliant moon and brighter morn,

* General Harney, the veteran Indian fighter, said to a committee of Congress once: "Whisky has caused most of our cruel Indian wars. Liquor dealers ought to be hanged or shot, and I would cheerfully detail an officer to attend to the duty if I had the authority, to protect the Indians against them."

The grazing herd and growing corn,
 The cultured heart and Christian home,
 The Sabbath church and sacred tomb,
 And sinless heaven, where strife and blood
 And fleshly lust harm not the good !
 Instead of red men murd'ring red,
 Destroying life where'er they tread,
 Existing half intoxicate,
 Always grumbling and ingrate,
 We had been raised to hope and heaven,
 Our part among good people given ;
 And practicing the arts of peace,
 Had so secured our race increase.
 Then here, I urge my humane charge :
 The white race, with resources large,
 Have not employed sufficient pains
 To civilize our savage brains,
 And help us, hence, to prosper here ;
 And in their nobler heaven, so near,
 To stud like stars their stainless crown,
 And reign with them to their renown.
 And oh, the bliss, that so in bloom,
 Shall bear fresh fruit beyond the tomb,
 If wise men here would rise to raise,
 Whole tribes of red men to their praise ;
 They'd buoy them up, though ill and base,
 To grow in science, truth, and grace,
 And pass to those imperial plains
 Where knowledge, pure, progressive, reigns.
 O spirit land ! 'Tis but to know
 The way to thee, to thee I'd go !
 A soul still bound within me sighs
 To scale these rocks and range the skies,
 Till, wandering far, at last I find
 That deathless heaven for deathless mind !—
 It may be there I'll meet Shawsheen,

Above, quite fairer than Ute Queen !
'Tis lonely here to live alone !
To die ! where rocks repeat my moan,
And ocean waves bring back the sound,
As o'er the beach the billows bound !
I'm wishing now to have her wave
Afford my funeral and my grave ;
For here I find no friendly hand
To have me buried on the land !
And if there were, the woodman's near ;
His bickering ax sounds even here :
And this last spot he soon will claim,
Where now I starve for want of game !
Come, waiting waters, wild and clear !
You I can trust to keep with care ;
O, pathless sea, so peaceful thou,
Receive this last lone savage now !
But hold ! What's that I hear ? Hark ! hark !
I see a form—forlorn and dark !—
I hear a heaving, human heart ;
Has some one come to take my part ?”

A negro slave came slowly near ;
His heart beat high and fast with fear ;
But soon he cries : “ Stop ! stop there, stranger !

Why will you on ruin rush ?

I am, too, a forest ranger ;

Crimes most cruel me would crush ;
Then let us each the other cheer !
Lord of mercy ! Jesus, hear ! ”
The Ute laughs back : “ You are too late !
Now see the last lone Indian's fate ! ”
So saying, fiercely, down he fell,
Where the surges beat and swell,
While the slave beheld their breaking
O'er the wild youth, wave on wave,
Till he felt like undertaking

There with him to find a grave.
 But he said : "No, I'll not do it !
 For I fear a second death ;
 Suicides I'm sure must rue it,
 In their deeper depths beneath.
 I'll not let this poor wretch perish ;
 He may also have a wife,
 Children, even, to love and cherish !"
 So down he dives to save his life ;
 Strangling, wrangling, up they come—
 And make the slave's hut soon their home.

SCENES XXXIV.

THE ROUGH SAILOR STORY TELLERS.

Konkaput we last saw casting
 Himself down into the deep,
 Sadly asking everlasting
 Waves his requiem to weep ;
 And we saw a slave, as lonely,
 Saving the poor suicide ;
 For this service asking only
 To be thence his guard and guide.
 As a brother, he besought him
 To accept his helping hand,
 And forthwith the negro brought him
 To a hut near by the strand.
 A fit place it stood for storage,
 Where some sailors, wrecked at sea,
 Had bestowed their far-fetched forage,
 And still lingered anxiously.
 These had found and fed this negro,
 As a fainting fugitive,
 And had made him useful also,
 As a cook to help them live.
 So to these, this slave, Zinziba,
 Brought young Konkaput with care,

His brow as brindle as a zebra,
The brine and sand still in his hair ;
Laid him on a bed of oak leaves,
Fed him, too, with meat-soups well,
Clothed him warm with his own coat sleeves,
Begging him his woes to tell,
Till the Ute told them his story ;
Everywhere his heart had been,
Since that battle field so gory,
Seeking for his stolen queen.
His thread of talk was touching, thrilling ;
The "tough sailors" sat around,
Each his pipe impulsive filling,
Listening in a spell profound.
Though his English was half Utish,
They were eager for each word ;
Though "rough sailors" oft seem brutish,
His tale every bosom stirred.
Then each "tar" told o'er his story,
Where he'd been and what he'd seen ;
One had fought on fields of glory ;
One had found men false and mean ;
Two had twice been wrecked in tempest ;
Two had left at home loved wives—
All had lately in good earnest
Leapt in ocean with their lives !
So, a sort of kindred feeling
Kindled through the company,
Hastened the Ute's early healing,
And all mingled happily.
There was hunting, there was fishing,
There was cooking meats and stews ;
There were watching, waiting, wishing—
Wishing sails—all sorts of news !
Time enough for novel-telling,
Real, romantic, as may be,

Laughter swaying, like the swelling
 Breakers on a bounding sea.
 But Zinziba was most zealous
 For such tales as seemed all true,
 And one day he said—half jealous—
 Will you hear my story, too?
 It is thrilling—hear it through :
 Let me tell it ; it is true !

SCENES XXXV.

SLAVE ZINZIBA'S ZEALOUS STORY.

Down the sailors sat demurely,
 Heard Zinziba now discuss
 Whether our oppressors surely
 Execute God's will on us.
 Then he said : This humane savage,
 You've considered well his case ;
 Now I'll tell your nation's ravage
 Of the kidnapt negro race.

ZINZIBA DESCRIBES THE SLAVE-TRADE.

Let that be the Atlantic ocean,
 Let this be lone Africa's land ;
 Listen to that strange commotion,
 Creeping up and down the strand !
 I can see a Saxon slaver
 Coming slowly toward the coast ;
 In her brutal work she's braver
 Than hell's base, belligerent host !
 Look at her ! O, look and listen !
 For I tell no fancied tale ;
 Look ! her masts in moon-light glisten ;
 Note her soiled and nameless sail !
 See ! she's moving shoreward, slowly,
 In the moon-beam's misty ray ;
 See her ! look ! She's crouching lowly,
 Like a lion for his prey !

Ah! she now is casting anchor,
Beneath God's beholding gaze!
And her Christless crew all hanker
To set black-men's homes ablaze!
The slave marts* have all been emptied,
And no bondmen can be bought;
So some tribe—none seems exempted—
Has been named and now is sought.
Look, how their advance is lighted
By such huts as this in flame,
While the friendly inmates, frightened,
Fly, like hunted, fleeing game.
Can't you hear now fetters clanking?
Chiming in with children's woes!
Aye, right quickly now they're ranking;
On, right on, the chain gang goes.
Look again! Lo, there's another!
(O, that Zion had such zeal!)
But, mark you, there's an old mother

* Henry Clay, before the African Colonization Society, said in Frankfort, Ky., December 17, 1829: "The African part of our population, or their ancestors, were brought hither forcibly and by violence, in the prosecution of the most abominable traffic that ever disgraced the annals of the human race. They were chiefly procured in their native country as captives in war, taken and subsequently sold by the conqueror as slaves to the slave-trader. Sometimes the most atrocious practices of kidnaping were employed to obtain possession of the victims. In these modes husbands were torn from their wives, parents from their children, brethren from each other, and every tie cherished and respected among men was violated. Upon the arrival at the African coast of the unfortunate beings thus reduced to slavery, they were embarked on board of ships carefully constructed and arranged to contain the greatest amount of human beings. Here they were ironed and fastened in parallel rows and crowded together so closely, in loathsome holes, as not to have room for action or for breathing wholesome air. The great aim was to transport the largest possible number at the least possible charge from their native land to the markets for which they were destined. The greediness of cupidity was frequently disappointed and punished in its purposes by the loss of the moieties of whole cargoes of the subjects of this infamous commerce, from want, suffering and disease on the voyage. How much happier were they who thus expired than their miserable survivors!" These were the words of him who said: "I would rather be right than be President."

Buried alive!—How do you feel?
 See, her son is now returning
 From the jungle, whence he came
 Just in time to see her burning,
 In his own hut all aflame!
 O, what horrid thoughts came o'er him,
 As that distant, dazzling light
 First blew up so high before him,
 And seized all his anxious sight!
 Now what anguish, near the ashes,
 And his mother's burning bones,
 As upon his fancy flashes
 Her dear grief and dying groans!
 He's a madman! and 'tis midnight!
 Not a soul is seen around;
 But through melancholy moonlight,
 He lists something like a sound
 Which, his heightened senses hearing,
 He makes haste more clear to hear,
 Neither foes nor numbers fearing—
 What has he to do with fear?
 Lo! he sees his little brother;
 So like him, yet less in size;
 New advance makes known another—
 His young sister next he spies.
 Shall he stop and stay behind them?
 Let them all be led away?
 If he should, he ne'er shall find them,
 Though he search them many a day.
 Now, more crushing thoughts crowd o'er him,
 That his long lost father, too,
 May be in that ship before him,
 Held in bondage by the crew!
 Now he moves in frantic measure,
 Till he comes so near the train,
 They seize him as their sure treasure,
 And hold him fast with a huge chain.

"THE MIDDLE PASSAGE."

Then the kidnappers who caught them
Bind on ship-board firm and strong
The full captive cargo brought them,
And set sail, both sad and long,
Till at length the verdant mountains
Of "Columbia" came in sight,
Then her fertile fields and fountains,
Still less distant, lent delight.
Soon the luckless slaves they're leading
Out, in shackles, on the shore ;
But each blighted heart is bleeding,
For the names they'll know no more.
Now they're marching, in the manner
Of starved swine from stinted styas,
And beneath Columbia's banner,
Fanned by fettered bondmen's sighs,
To the slave pen—there hope dies !

SCENES XXXVI.

WHAT THEY MET THERE IN THE SLAVE MART.

When into the pen they drove them,
So like cattle sent for sale,
A few balls of rice they hove them ;
But of this they'd often fail.
The boy's brothers here both perished ;
Though their sisters—there were three—
Whom in fever's fire they cherished,
Sank in passing o'er the sea.
Then the market place they entered ;
And the "Slave Mart" slowly thronged
With fierce bidders, who first centered
Where the last caught slave belonged,
Till a trifling, lustful trader
Turned attention unto one

Who stood just as nature made her—
 And with her bids were begun.
 There he clinked his unclasped coffers,
 And with mean, immodest mirth,
 Made for her his unmatched offers—
 Bought the prize of princely birth ;
 And then bought the boy with others ;
 Just the ones he chanced to choose—
 Friends were severed, sisters, brothers—
 But my sire had none to lose !
 So he sighed o'er others' sorrow ;
 For they knew their march was near,
 And all dreaded much the morrow ;
 Every face seemed full of fear.
 In the morn the horn was blowing,
 All around the trumpet rang,
 And the chain gang cheerles going—
 Full five hundred filled the gang !
 With dreadful oaths half drunken drivers
 O'er hill and plain, through sun and rain,
 Cross sweltering sands and swelling rivers,
 Forced their tramp toward fields of cane.
 My own parents, paired as leaders,
 Head the hand-cuffed caravan,
 Favored some by the slave feeders,
 Because they were the "leading span."
 "Well matched leaders, mighty loving,
 The first two thus bought in pairs ;
 They'll be breeders well worth having ;
 Worth thousands each will be their heirs !"

Thus men-stealers talked to stifle
 Sense of wrong they sometimes have ;
 While with ropes and whips and rifle
 They forced their fellows toward the grave.
 When these captives came to station,
 Several planters sought the place,

While a hopeful resignation
Made more fair my parents' face.
They were therefore bought with banters,
By two different men at last,
Two well pleased adjacent planters ;
So their case seemed kindly cast.
Once a week, it was on Sunday,
They might meet each other then,
If at early morn on Monday
They would go to work again.
There were there, too, some wise teachers
Who taught open Sunday school,
And my parents heard some preachers
Who read to them the golden rule.
But one Sunday, I remember—
We were five when all at home—
It was early in September,
That my father did not come.
I sat watching, with my brother,
To look for him in the lane,
Where he used to meet my mother,
And then greet us all again ;
For, bless God, he'd got religion !
And ran home to help us read :
Yet, remember, in that region,
Reading slaves all masters dread.
O, 'twas blessed to behold him—
He was an uncommon slave !
But for this his master sold him,
Sold him to a silent grave !
Such a Sunday night of sorrow
I had never seen before :
Mother sent me on the morrow
To inquire—evermore !
All the word we heard about him
Was, "the nigger has been sold."

Though we could not live without him,
 "His master'd got a heap o' gold!"
Soon, too, we were sold asunder;
 Some went south, and some went west;
Each was left for life to wonder
 What was done with all the rest.
We were sold away from "mamma,"
 All as yet of tender years;
I was sent to Alabama,
 At but five, in bitter tears.
How I wept the world ne'er heeded;
 How I felt, no friend could know;
What I wanted, what I needed,
 Was some great heart where to go;
 There to bury all my woe.

SCENES XXXVII.

THE SLAVE STILL TELLS OF SUNDERED TIES.


My new home had now one warm heart—
 An old wench that used to weep
 For her children—sold for most part,
 Where she could no traces keep.
 Still she had one daughter growing,
 Of whose sale none could presage :
 She, by nature bright and knowing,
 Was apparently my age.



I was sent to
 picking cotton ;
 She, too, worked out
 much the same,
 And those long days,
 ne'er forgotten,
 Won at length
 our wedded name ;
 And our Heavenly
 Father sent us
 Wisdom to enjoy
 his word,
 That when little ones
 were lent us,
 We should lend them
 to the Lord.

I can't tell you who there taught us,
 Nor this item do you need ;
 But 'twas not the man that bought us,
 Taught us both to write and read !
 He sold our teacher to a villian,
 A libertine he knew was bad,
 Which made all hands seem mad and sullen—
 Such wrongs will make both mad and sad.

Then soon I saw he meant to sell me,
 Whence I knew his reasons why;
 Nor his terms would he yet tell me,
 Lest I try myself to buy.
 Soon "a gentleman of honor"
 Bought my body and my soul,
 But left my wife with woes upon her
 Christ's own cross could scarce console—
 A secret note soon told the whole.
 She remained 'mid cruel mercies
 Of the man that meanly sold
 Our slave teacher, where the curses
 Of God's wrath must rust his gold;
 But my "Senator" assured me
 I might on his word rely,
 For he'd even now procured me
 Ways for me myself to buy.
 So, in hope, I hid my sadness
 O'er the scene of my last sale,
 And to Congress went with gladness;
 And "hereby there hangs a tale"—
 My new master was the "Member;"
 I, his servant, as you see;
 And one long night in December
 He "went wild" and wagered me.
 A real reckless, ruthless rambler
 Won me in two wicked games.
 My new master now, the gambler,
 Knew a score of scoundrel names;
 But his best one was "Hugh Borgia,"
 And he bragged about his "books"
 And his journeys "down to Georgia,"
 And was glad of my "good looks;"
 But said such was Southran's loathing
 I'd please best if dressed more plain;
 So, he cleft off my man-clothing,
 And clapped on me a gown and chain!

Then I rushed to the Rotunda,
Pouring out with pondrous breath,
In a voice like very thunder :
“Give me liberty or death !!!”
Then I shook my chain and shouted :
“Hail Columbia, happy land !”
Till my shout the Senate routed,
And I saw them startled stand ;
Then both high and loud I uttered :
“*Hail Columbia, happy land !*”
Then I clanked my chain and muttered :
“HAIL COLUMBIA, HAPPY LAND !”
Then I snapped my chain asunder,
Flung it on the marble floor,
And while all looked on with wonder,
I rushed out the round Rotunda
Through the westward open door
And they never saw me more !
Though they searched the city o’er
And the country, as of yore,
 They have never seen me more !
Here, King Konkapat, excited,
Still exhausted, still delighted,
Said: Reveal the whole, I pray ;
How you hid yourself away ;
How you came so far away—
But I’m dazed and sore distressed,
Weak with wonder, I want rest ;
Like the moon sunk down the west ;
Take us rest, then tell the rest !

SCENES XXXVIII.

FROM THE CRY AT THE CAPITOL TO THE CAVE OF KONKAPUT.

Through the night the Ute now rested,
 Then his interest he attested
 By request there be repeated,
 The account, that sketch completed :
 So Zinziba, ever zealous,
 Told them all, as he shall tell us:


(ZINZIBA ENDS HIS STORY)


There's no story need seem novel
 That is true as honest art ;
 Washington has many a hovel
 Which contains a Christian heart ;
 And to such I hied for shelter,
 Was kept safe to Christmas eve,
 Saw police run helter skelter,
 Knowing not whom to believe.
 But I am a splendid dreamer,
 And my dreams read like a book ;
 In my sleep, a New York steamer,
 Called for a skilled colored cook,
 So next day—and nothing doubting
 I'd soon be the boy they sought—
 I set out, 'mong newsboys shouting :
 "Th' escaped wench is not yet caught !"
 I soon sailed as simple stoker
 In a steamer, to New York,
 With as jaunty a mate and joker
 As e'er came from Erin's Cork ;
 Found the "Californian" ready,
 When we passed her at the pier ;
 As I stepped forth, stout and steady,
 The mate called : "Cap, your cook is here !"
 Several trips to San Francisco
 With this captain, wise and kind,

Bland and cool as Count Bodisco,
 Made my place much please my mind ;
Till one day some gambling rambles—
 Such as won me once at cards—
Came on board, real southern gamblers,
 And watched me with their warm regards.
So I started and sought station
 “Underground” to Oregon,
Toward that free and friendly nation,
 Which I’ll find soon, farther on.
Thus I found this fellow mortal,
 Suiciding in the sea,
Passing down through death’s dark portal,
 Where I almost wished to be !
O, thou deep and dear old ocean,
 Well it was that thou didst weep,
Ever desolate—devotion—
 Thy undoubted heart is deep !
And this land, on which we languish,
 Full of cruel beasts, can feel,
And fain bless our bleeding anguish,
 Which no heart nor hand can heal !
I would sooner die than sever
 The dear ties more strong than death :
But who knows such deaths shall never
 Bear to burdens worse beneath !
Self destruction, so delusive,
 Is the worst of wicked crimes ;
God-defiant, self-abusive,
 ’Tis the terror of all times,
 If there be eternity.
O my friends, why do you fear me !
 I am telling what is true ;
Then still hear me, come all near me,
 Though my story is not new.
I have been of all bereaved—
 Of my sire, myself, may say ;

All life long have been aggrieved,
 Here may be caught on any day.
 I am hunted on these mountains
 Like a partridge of the wood ;
 Faint, I dare not seek for fountains,
 Starved, can go nowhere for food.
 If I may but reach the borders,
 Find Canada's friendly home,
 I'll soon earn and issue orders
 That my slave wife thither come !
 Then our little son and daughter
 Shall take wings and with her fly,
 Over lands and o'er lake water—
 We'll be free, all, by and by !
 'Tis this hope that nerves and thrills me ;
 And that freedom is not far ;
 Sometimes fear of capture fills me—
 Hope deferred's hard by despair !
 This love struggle's long and fearful,
 Ill beset by fates and foes ;
 And its chances, cheerful, tearful,
 Are worse filled with fears than woes.
 But the sweet and bitter mingle
 Till the best of all's untold ;
 I could tell you tales that tingle
 Every heart that will behold—
 Fathers, mothers bought and sold !
 I could show you a slave shanty,
 Where oppressors have heard prayer,
 Scant in learning, language scanty,
 Yet that haunts them everywhere ;
 And I've heard slave-holders saying,
 "There are stations in free States
 Where our friends 'railroads' are laying
 'Under ground' with all 'through rates.'"
 Chattel women with their children
 Are well carried, without cost,

Safe across Niagara's cauldron,
In which all their chains are lost ;
While the roaring of that river
Drowns the baying of blood hounds,
And the free are free forever
In Great Britain's hunting grounds !

[Said the Ute : "O how you cheer me !" 
But Zinziba said : " Still hear me !"]

What is made by blaming white men ?
Some are good and some are bad,
And much less is made to fight men ;
Such means surely make more sad.
Come starvation, cold, disasters,
The worst burdens that will be ;
I've far more, then, than my masters—
My Heavenly Father holds me free !
We must wait on God and good men,
Till redemption's time shall rise,
When the great men and the good, then
All shall hark to hear the cries
Pleading loud from each plantation,
As they echo from the skies
And resound o'er all the nation,
Mingling wails of martyrs' woe
With God's grander indignation,
Saying : " Let my people go !
Or your realm I'll overthrow !" 
I see rising subject races,
Waking up to improve well
Earnest plans in useful places,
With the fruits of toil to sell.
Then high braves and hated half-breeds—
Reached and rescued by my race—
Shall do loving and real life deeds,
Shall even grow in Christian grace.

As you rise with me, young red man,
 So will dawn a wiser day ;
 As yourself, though once a dead man,
 Shall have wealth in heaven's own way ;
 So both red and black together,
 Will enjoy one jubilee ;
 Come what will of wind and weather,
 All the world will yet be free ;
 And may we survive to see.

Royally the Ute arises,
 Listening to Zinziba's rhyme,
 Till the savage saint surprises
 Even rough sailors at the time ;
 All unite in undertaking
 To shed light upon the right ;
 For a brighter day is breaking—
 Lo ! the future's full of light ;
 See how seraphs cheer the sight !

SCENES XXXIX.

THE SAILORS HAIL A SHIP AHOY.

The six rough tars then sat around,
 All sympathizing with the slaves,
 Until the place seemed holy ground ;
 When, lo ! behold above the waves,
 A white sail, sitting on the wind,
 And rocking o'er the ocean's rim,
 A little toward the land inclined,
 In deep horizons, hazy, dim !
 O ! something must attract that sail,
 That it shall the wrecked sailors see ;
 A signal fire might soon avail—
 Lo ! it is lighted instantly !
 Even their hut itself is used ;
 It flares up bold as beacon flames —

Naught, indeed, could be refused—

Now soon they see two vessels' names.

"The Alaquippa, of Savannah,"

Was painted plainly on her prow ;

They saw, as sinking, "The Susannah ;"

She bore "New Bedford" on her bow.

Since from that city seemed the sailors,

They hardest tried that ship to hail ;

But she's borne off 'mong the whalers,

And out of sight soon sank her sail.

But the Savannah's Alaquippa

Was for a swift, mad slaver made ;

Was classed as a clean windward clipper,

But hired to try Hawaiian trade.

As she beholds that burning shanty,

Sees it's some wrecked sailors' sign—

Although the harborage is scanty—

She designates her kind design.

She turns her sail toward the signal ;

Bears her length along the beach ;

And so near the bluff's diag'nal

That a cable-rope can reach.

But mark ! The slave flies 'mid the flurry—

Escapes, with Konkaput and fear ;

Nor have the sailors, in their hurry,

Exposed his chance by parting cheer !

Well the life-boat, buoyed with laughter,

Bears the tars, both one and all ;

Nor heard the slave and Ute thereafter

What kind of fate did them befall.

Some saved utensils, tools and food

They left, forgotten, on the shore ;

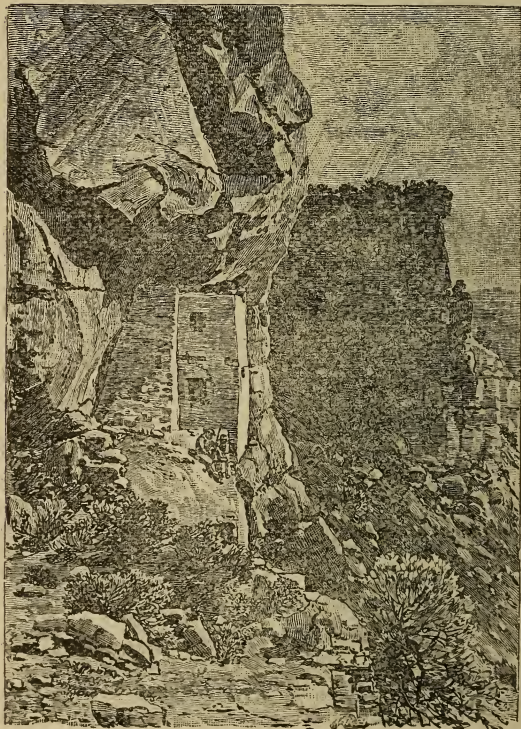
God chanced this for his children's good

Till they could get themselves some more.

So now the savage said : "Near by us

Has Nature carved out a nice cave,

And that shall shelter soon supply us,
Holding such things as we can save.
Indeed, it's like an old 'cliff dwelling'
Made in the sides of Rocky Mountains,
Where swift, pure streams below are swelling,
Fed by the near and nameless fountains.



There let us go and live together ;
Take all the things the sailors left ;
And, in whatever kind of weather,
We will not be of all bereft."

Zinziba sighed : “ But, I’m a slave ! ”
Yet they went there, both slave and brave,
And as they came into that cave
Found it had grown “ still as the grave ! ”

SCENES XL.

THE RESCUED GAMBLER IS THEIR GUEST ;
SICK IN BODY, SEEKING REST.

The Ute and slave went slowly (hear them !)
Talking, walking, laden, going,
Where will fiercest wild beasts fear them ;
Where the weeks and waters flowing
And much chastened thoughts to cheer them,
And both blasts and blossoms blowing,
Shall wait on their lonely waiting—
Both, forsooth, about the same,
Each to each their lives restating,
Helping God to give them game,
While he rules all things relating ;
Even, called hither, hunters came,
Aye, borne hither, Borgia came,
A man now nobler than his name !

A wise and skilled surveyor, sick and worn,
Sank in his march, one hot mid-summer morn ;
Then sought a welcome in the savage cave,
And there was served and watched by his own
slave ;
Till he was healed, a happy man and hale,
By such fidelities as seldom fail ;
And then and thus he spoke of all the wrong
He’d done the tribes to which his hosts belong.
He said : “ My benefactors, do not fear
For any words of mine you now may hear.
I am a ‘ Southran,’ from the Sunny South ;
My birth and home were near Savannah’s mouth,

Where cotton, rice and corn, and sugar cane
 Are raised, and ships sail forth upon the main.
 I've been a slaver of the deepest die ;
 John Newton ne'er was so unjust as I.
 He sailed for captives of the Congo race,
 But was recaptured by reclaiming grace ;
 Nor owed he half so much to heavenly care
 And human patience, piety and prayer.
 I've wronged and ruined those who did me good ;
 Have sometimes sacrificed their sinless blood ;
 Even my own blood is coursing in the veins
 Of some whom I enslaved and put in chains.
 I gambled also for most guileless men,
 And put them fettered in my filthy pen.
 One time in Washington I played and won
 A Nubian princess' first born, noble son ;
 And so well bound, well bred, well read was he,
 He quoted Henry's cry for Liberty ;
 And though I saw him but a single day
 I heard him both for me and freedom pray !
 I never can, until my latest breath,
 Forget : 'God give me liberty or death !'
 He burst his bonds, like tow, in open day,
 In the Rotunda, and then ran away."

"And, you've not seen him since?" Zinziba asked :

"I may have seen him, sometime, but so masked
 I did not know him ; more, I made him wear
 A wench's gown, he was so good and fair ;
 I wished to have him act as chamber maid,
 For he had friends of whom I felt afraid.
 But this disguise embarrassed me the more—
 By what he really was and what he wore.
 Although I searched for him with ceaseless care,
 I heard no hint of him, nor here nor there ;
 Yet he was with me, always, everywhere,
 And pressed upon my heart his hands in prayer

At length I said : ' I am myself the slave !'
I sighed and groaned for silence in the grave !
But soon I sought to be from sin set free,
And by redeeming love reached liberty !
I realized Christ's claim to creature things
And that He promotes slaves to priests and kings ;
So every soul, from saint to seraphim,
Receives full title to himself from Him.
For Him I set my stolen servants free ;
For Him desired their noblest destiny ;
And did, to make them all free men indeed,
Wreak human laws to help them learn to read.
I sold plantations, ships and silver-plate,
To buy and start them homes in a free State,
And gave the best I had choice goods to buy
For them ; for they had then worse fare than I !
I knew the navigation of the seas,
And so I learned surveying soon, with ease ;
Hence, came to Oregon by 'Gunter's right'
With chain and compass and theodolite,
To help define this distant, fair domain,
Of mountain, wood, and wide, well watered plain ;
And here I found your hermitage so kind,
With all so suited to a sick man's mind !
Aye, I could almost ask your auto-card
To match with those of Monks of St. Bernard ;
For though I served in the Satanic war
Against the Seminoles, but slaves fought for,
And cursing savages, my cold heart said :
' No Indian's ever good till he is dead,'
And I have sinned against your kin still more,
Such plans and deeds I deeply now deplore !
Forgive me, brothers ! May God bless you both !
I'm bound to every race by birth and oath ;
So I, with Voke, join heart and voice to say :
' God speed the right, and haste the happy day,
When Afric's long enslaved sons

Shall join with every injured race,
 To celebrate, in blended tongues,
 The gladness of redeeming grace ;
 When North and South, from place to place,
 Emanuel's kingdom shall extend,
 And every man in every face

Shall meet a brother and a friend !'
 My love to others all the more extends

For your compassion ; ye've preserved my life !
 Ye are my brothers ! my brave Christian friends !

In me ye've blessed, indeed, my distant wife !
 I shall delight to show all kindness due .
 For special deeds so kind, displayed by you.
 Reluctantly I'll leave your lone retreat,
 Where I have found both medicine and meat,
 Where friends in need, such friends indeed, have
 been ;

Far more to me than hosts of armed men ;
 Where simple nature seems so noble, too,
 And we can learn how little here will do !
 Indeed, I wonder how this world affords,
 So good a building, without bricks or boards,
 So large a landscape with so little lost,
 So many comforts at such meagre cost,
 Such shade in summer from the sheltering hill,
 Such even warmth in autumn's wintry chill,
 Such varied wisdom, viewed in every way,
 Such wise display and wonderful array,
 That where we stand one might well wish to stay ;
 And my departure now desires delay.

SCENES XLI.

A DISCLOSURE ERE HIS DEPARTURE.

"The Fugitives' Retreat"—so fit for rest,
So blameless all, and to the sick so blessed—
This "home" that divine Nature had "dug out,"
With playful beasts and plumed birds about,
Where blithesome squirrels bark at the bluejays
And neighboring fountains purl through nights
and days ;
Where fish and flesh and fowl are amply fed,
And lives so lovely elsewhere scarce are led—
This Borgia left, but said : "Before I go
Mine hosts, please tell how you were mated so,
And if you'll trust me further to intrude,
Explain why you sought out this solitude ;
For ye're not outlaws nor ignoble souls,
Who've fled the courts to where no law controls ;
Be frank, I pray, and tell your prudent friend
How long your stay has been, and where 'twill
end."

Here Konkaput, replete with curt reply,
Says simply : "I am here, I can't tell why ;
And when you start the question, why we stay,
'Tis answered well : We can not get away !
I have no other where to lay my head ;
My kindred and my country, too, are dead ;
And with no kin nor country, left alone,
This is the only spot I seem to own ;
And this, no doubt, though a secluded den,
Will soon be seized by your surveying men ;
For Indian tribes have been all trodden down
Beneath such franchise and by Heaven's frown,
Else have absorbed their ills of body, or
Have wasted one another in their war ;
Before pale-faces proved a feeble prey,
Till our poor wild men have most passed away !

And I have seemed as if sent here alone
 In search of one whose life or death's unknown ;
 Whom stout hands stole off from the burning
 stake,
 Where savages mad sacrifices make ;
 And where those hands have borne her, what
 may be
 Her lot, I've sought so long in vain to see !
 I linger here in hope to share her life ;
 For she, as Queen of Utes, should be my wife !
 I've left among the rocky highlands steep
 A few wild braves, who brigand watches keep,
 And would, no doubt, indeed for her and me,
 Both fight and seek to find and set us free ;
 But in my search I've seen such savage strife,
 I loathe the bitterness of bestial life ;
 Where boys are bred barbarians from their birth,
 And woman's thought the weakest thing of earth.
 Where wives* are prostituted for a price,
 And children are destroyed by unchaste vice,
 Till Indian blood is blasted with decay—
 Of wickedness, the prey in every way—
 It is enough to make one sick at heart,
 And sigh for desert life till he depart !
 Behold this negro—the best friend I have ;
 But for his grace, yon sea had been my grave ! ”

* Brigadier-General Carleton said to a committee of congress, 1865: “Prostitution prevails among the Navajos, Maricopas and Yumas, Cherokees, Seminoles, Potawattamies, Pawnees, Sioux, Arapahoes, Cheyennes and Kiowas, and their children are enfeebled. The attendant diseases of prostitution have tainted the blood of the adults, and by inheritance the children have become emaciated in body and mind.” General Sprague says to the same: “In thus striking at the very basis of procreation is to be found the active cause of the destruction of the Indian race.” And Senator Nesmith, sent to inspect the tribes on the Pacific coast, which Konkaput is supposed to have seen, said: “Their favorite occupations were, gathering berries, catching fish, prostituting their women, gambling and getting drunk.” (See Congressional Report, 1867.)

Here speaks Zinziba, with a special zest :
My Master Borgia, how you have been blessed !
I've heard your story with astonished heart,
With trembling fears my trickling tears would
start,

When you described me in that wench's dress,
And praying heaven my master's heart to bless !
I beg God now to bring my wife and brood,
Where you may give us home and guard our good!

(Borgia.)

Why "Zin!" why "Zebe!" this really is not you !
(Said Borgia here ;) and yet it must be true,
That lo, indeed, I see this longed-for day—
And my redeemer in my run-away !

(Zinziba.)

Yes, Master Borgia, I must be the man—
'Twas really I that for my freedom ran :
And be it understood, I would do good
To all earth's brotherhood, if I but could !

(Borgia.)

'Tis so, I see ; when I was sick and sore,
And you so kind to me with care, 'twas more
Than once impressed upon my watchful thought
That you were that lost slave I long had sought ;
And now, Zinziba, both for Zion bound,
We'll sing: "The dead's alive, the lost is found!"
Yourself, your family, are henceforth free !
The lord himself shall seal your liberty !
I am most sure our Maker has the means
To bring Zinziba's brood, and break the chains.

And as for Konkaput, this kingly Ute,
I heard of your Queen squaw upon my route,
And that she was not taken further west,
Nor was again restored to her wild nest,
Among the Eagle Eyries 'round Pike's Peak,

But east, for "special culture," so they speak !
 The story told me on the range was this :
 A Cheyenne chief had caught and chose as his
 A Rocky Mountain squaw, Ute maiden rare,
 And forced her first to almost fell despair ;
 Then sold her to the fierce Arapahoes,
 They to the Sioux, (or so the story goes),
 Until at length, all tired of one still chaste,
 And told her at the stake her troth to test.
 That she was brought and bravely stood the shock ;
 For, standing by the stake, still firm as rock,
 She faced the faggots and then faced her foes ;
 But at this instant, (as the story goes),
 Some pioneers were passing on their way,
 Who heard of her, before the fatal day,
 Hastened forth to hail the nearest fort,
 And gave the commandant the grave report.
 This consternation caused, at once, of course,
 Whence soldiers were dispatched in special force,
 Who bore her from the burning stake, alive,
 And sent her East, such culture to receive ;
 Where educators care for every race,
 And where she was procured a proper place
 With patrons who will every want provide,
 And be the best of counsellors beside.
 This rare report reached me upon the range,
 And is so striking—aye, so very strange !
 And yet so likely to be largely true,
 That I'm happy to have told it you ;
 And if this be indeed your beauteous maid,
 Your meeting may be yet by my own aid.

Here Konkaput, convulsed with joy, replied :
 "How glad, indeed, I am I have not died !"
 Nor Zinziba his new-born hope could hide.

SCENES XLIII.

FROM HERMITAGE TO COLLEGE HALLS.

The scenes here change, as if some chance
Had turned the wheel another time ;
For as the autumn days advance,
And mountain sides seem most sublime,
Hugh Borgia's business bade him hence ;
But, by his wise and high intent,
Two proteges, at his expense,
His way-mates o'er the mountains went.
By land and stream he led their way
To the established lines of stage,
Wherein his purse provides to pay
Their passage, each one as his page,
Till all arrive in West Reserve,
Where pure philanthropy prevails,
It's sweetest natures never swerve,
And no fair effort ever fails.
But here Zinziba's zigzag name
Suggests the kinks seen in the course
Of other fugitives, who came
And fancied freedom theirs, perforce ;
For in his town of Wellington, *
A pleasant and propitious place,
Dispatches came from 'Washington
Arresting several of his race.
Yet Borgia, by support of Heaven,
Fulfilled throughout his faithful oath ;
The goodly promise he had given
To bond and Ute, to aid them both.
Young Konkaput, the Ute and King,
Commands at once his loving care ;

* Wellington is a town in northern Ohio, where several fugitive slaves were sought, and those who assisted them were thrown into prison. This town was adjacent to Oberlin, where is the famous abolition college.

The "Burg of Didymus" would bring
 Such Indian boys to be taught there :
 Hence, at "Twinsburg" would Borgia call ;
 And if Shawsheen were sheltered near
 In Mission School or Maiden's Hall,
 Her name and fame would be known here.
 But naught is heard, nor hint nor word,
 Of the Ute captive, or Ute race ;
 And Konkaput, with hope deferred,
 Pleads to be sent some other place,
 Where he can meet with cultured mind ;
 He can not bide wild boys in cage,
 For he is to clear thought inclined,
 And manly, far more than his age
 It was hence planned in Providence,
 That he should for Shawsheen proceed,
 With little pause and less expense,
 Where youth *reflect* as well as read ;
 So the sad wanderer soon went
 Where Oberlin's* immortal fame
 Lives in that lasting monument,
 A Christian College in his name.
 There mingle almost every race,
 In happy class and classic hall,
 To give and get both wit and grace,
 In notions that ennoble all—
 Yet here Shawsheen's a name unknown ;
 But still he stays to write and read,
 And lives a silent life and lone,
 With one dear friend, a friend indeed.
 For he is drawn for special drill
 To "*Tutor Mercer*," twice a week,

* Oberlin College was named after Father Oberlin, a distinguished Swiss philanthropist and scholar. The place was some fifty miles from Twinsburg, where Rev. Mr. Bissel had his school for Indian boys.

To try his composition skill
And learn like Cicero to speak.
Here Konkaput was soon expert ;
One essay was esteemed so wise
That it was published for desert
And promptly won an honored prize.



Though lean of flesh and lined with care
'Twas grand to see him on the stand,
The vast assemblages command,
By manly thought and modest air :
(This sketch seems cut by some one there.)

His paraphrase of Pushamata,*

Greeting the great La Fayette,

Was musical as a cantata,

As those who heard him ne'er forget.

KONKAPUT'S PARAPHRASE TO LA FAYETTE.

Fifty snows have passed away

Since you drew the willing sword,

Helping of your own accord

Washington to win the day ;

Fought with him fair Freedom's foes,

For her shed your generous blood ;

Hand to hand with him you stood,

Sharing all his country's woes.

Now you come to see once more

Lands that honor you and love,

Grateful peoples to approve,

Whose children cherish and adore.

We have heard with hearty mind,

In the densest forest shades,

And along the everglades,

Of your efforts for mankind.

I have burned, with warm desire,

Here to take you by the hand ;

As your loving brother stand,

And help kindle Freedom's fire.

We are met ! I'm satisfied !

The first time, as 'tis the last :

My day of life will soon be past :

The Great Spirit be your guide !—

On that week this Sachem died ;

And for him great statesmen mourn,

As the Indian corse is borne

To their buried brothers' side.

* Pushamata was a pious Choctaw Chief who went to the city of Washington to see La Fayette, and was buried there with military honors in the National Cemetery.

SCENES XLIII.

KONKAPUT'S APPEAL UPON GOD'S GREAT QUESTIONS.

Where art thou ? " *What hast thou done ?* " *Where is thy brother ?* " *What doest thou here ?* "

Jehovah's first questions, so full and concise,
Though ages ago, are still earnestly asked :
"Where art thou ?" still echoes from earth's Paradise,
And "Where is thy brother ?" can never be masked.

I hear God, now, coming in the cool of the day,
And asking "Where are you ?" in time and in place.

O, heed ye his presence and searching, I pray,
Nor hide ye in fear from the light of his face.
He knows where you are ; and he wants you to know,
And consider the claims of your country and age ;

For naught more important to mortals below
Can ever their thoughtful attention engage.

"Where art thou ?" "Where art thou ?" I hear
him now say,

On the face of the globe, in the forces of time ;
No age and no nation surpassed yours to-day ;
And here to live rightly is royal, sublime !

"What's this thou hast done ?"—from the Omniscent One—

Is God's inquisition for our earliest sin,
The "What" of our deeds, whatsoe'er we have
done,

Is ringing forever, from where they begin.
Both "What hast thou done ?" and "What doest
thou here ?"

Ring out from the regions of all the deep past ;

“What?—doest?—thou?—here?” for aye sounds
in the ear,

Since our lives and our labors live on to the
last.

We tread on the springs of eternity's hours ;
We strike upon keys that forever shall trill ;
And hold in our hands Heaven's holiest powers,
When the wish of our hearts is the Heavenly
will.

“What—done?”—for thyself?—“What” at home?
“What” abroad?

“What—done” for thine age? “What” for
ages to come?

“What—done?” for thy neighbor, thy nation, thy
GOD?—

What? Done? is the question ; the answer is
dumb !

“Where?—Where is thy brother?” and who may
he be?

All ages and races together are tied
In this land of the brave, and this home of the
free ;

Here all men are brothers, to live side by side ;
And over the ages, and over the seas,

A union of hearts and a union of hands,
Must bind with the bonds of benignant decrees
Till brothers are all men, in all times and lands.

We have on our tables the harvests and tools
Of far distant peoples, who have also ours ;
We have in our hearts, our homes and our schools
The products of ages, their precepts and
powers,

As deeds of the past are all potential still,
And the races and ages related as one ;
As our works are for aye, for weal or for ill,
What we do, every breath, is for some brother
done.

“Who?” “Where is thy brother?” I breathe it
again—

The Saxon, the savage, the sovereign, the
slave,

The singing, the sighing, the suffering, the slain—
Their life-blood cries “Brother!” from even
the grave.

“What done to thy brother?”—to my doomed race?

I’ll show you: On yonder fair sun-setting
shore,

The last and lone Indian from his little space,

Is plunging the ocean, to rise never more!

Could I lift from his bed his poor lifeless frame,

And hold it to Heaven in sight of your face,

I’d ask in humanity’s—in Heaven’s holy name—

Have you felt like a brother to my forlorn race?

“Ye waste us, aye, like April snow,

In the warm sun we shrink away:

And fast ye follow as we go

Towards the setting day—

Till ye shall fill the land, and we

Are driven into the western sea.”

SCENES XLIV.

THE SEARCH AGAIN FOR FAIR SHAWSHEEN.

King Konkaput in college halls
Came off with honors in full shares,
But still his constant nature calls
The name Shawsheen in thought and prayers.
Her longing look that morn he left
With the fur traders far to go,
Still haunts him, like a home bereft,
Attended with her later woe.
The saddest grief that sadder grows,
And taxes fancy's farthest scope,
And wakes imaginary woes,
That break the heart of buoyant hope,
And make a lover lone and mad,
And prematurely wan and old,
Is the suspense—the saddest sad !
When the loved one is stolen or sold
And still no tidings can be had !
His friends have written far and near
To find some trace of her, if but
She lives, her mode of life to hear,
And to encourage Konkaput.
He searched the catalogues that came
From East and West, from South and North,
To find therein her favored name ;
But failed to see and bring it forth.
He left the seat of learning then,
Intent on finding still her fate,
And, favored by forwarding men,
He traveled into every State
Which has young women's institutes
That would admit within their walls.
An Indian girl—the Queen of Utes—
To higher culture in their halls.

He went even down to Tennessee,
And found in Nashville two, by name
And nature such as she might be,
Whose finished terms were of first fame.
He elsewhere saw a young Choctaw,
Some Seminoles and Senecas,
Admitted with white girls to draw
From wells of learning—all with praise ;
But none of these had ever heard
Of his Shawsheen a single word.
“So still Shawsheen no one has seen !”
He sighed ; then to New Jersey came.
An Omaha, quite like his Queen,
Had here won almost world-wide fame ;
But still Susette* is not Shawsheen !
Her features he can ne’er forget,
Though many changes must have been
In her appearance since they met.
But yet this beauteous bright-eyed girl
Who gained each prize above her class,
With eyes of jet and teeth of pearl—
Indeed, a lovely Indian lass!—
With the full proverb, *sanis mens*
In sano corpore et Christo,
Makes his old longing more intense
His noble Shawsheen’s fate to know.
It startles him, while standing here,
To learn of Brainard’s Crosweeksung,
That Indian Mission, once so dear,
To which fond hopes had failing clung ;
Of Edwards, too, who near there died,
Whose Stockbridge page illumed the age,
E’en while engaged as Indians’ guide
Their savageness to help assuage.

* This Susette Bright Eyes returned and became a great benefactress to her tribe.

He hither hastens to the scene
 Where that sage teacher * had so taught
 The aborigines, as men,
 To be, and act as mortals ought ;
 And here he feels a fiery zeal
 To be a famed philanthropist,
 And force men both to think and feel,
 With reas'nings they cannot resist.
 His admiration of such men
 Ennobles more his native mind,
 And everywhere his search has been
 Such men he found supremely kind.
 This also his affections won,
 Until—as consorts come to look
 The more alike as they move on—
 So he these wise men's likeness took.
 He went to hear old Lyman Beecher,
 And so admired his make and plan
 That he resolved to be a preacher,
 And soon did look some like that man.
 His straight black hair, that Ute Chiefs braid,
 Grew soon to wave in graceful curves,
 And every one who heard him said :
 “We hope he'll win what he deserves !”
 He won good will in every way,
 And sympathy in all he said ;
 While deeds of duty every day
 His path to higher purpose led.
 His search for Shawsheen seemed in vain,
 Though not in vain that search had been ;
 He now could seek his tribe again,
 And teach them more to live like men.
 He'd tell them how whole tribes have died
 For want of wisdom to be wise

* Jonathan Edwards taught the Indians in Stockbridge, Mass., while he was writing his great work on The Will. He afterwards died in New Jersey when President of Princeton College.

And for their practices and pride,
Which does all better paths despise.
With this fond aim now well defined,
He further studied with wise men,
To store and strengthen more his mind ;
Then went where various tribes had been,
And asked both State and Church to aid
Him in his glad and glorious aim ;
And everywhere warm friends he made,
Who fondly added to his fame.

He saw how some New England tribes
Are only known by ancient name
And their extinction he describes,
And, blushing, tells who were to blame.
Nonantum (Newton), and Natick,

Where princely Elliot used to preach,
He searched, till every sense was sick,
To find one who the tongue could teach
In which the Bible was first set

In type in our vast hemisphere ;
That Indian Bible he found yet,
But none could read it, far or near !

“A sad memento this doth seem !”

Said Konkaput’s soliloquy ;

“The Indian race, here, like a dream,

Hath vanished, even from memory !

Yet that book was then a blessing,

Winning many heathen heavenward,
Healing doubts the most distressing,

Putting kindness on high record ;

When I saw it, how I kissed it

For its reading once by red men,

Even by some who did resist it,

And declined among the dead men.

King Philip *cursed* this Book of Christ,

And fought His philanthropic faith,

And smote th' Almighty with his fist :
 So died a most symbolic death !
 I must return to my own tribe,
 And teach them better ways of life ;
 These Scriptural duties I'll describe,
 And lure them up from lust and strife.
 I'll win their life, if not my wife !"
 So saying, he soon set his face
 Toward the Rocky Mountains far,
 To animate his own Ute race
 To better works than beastly war—
 To mend mankind, and not to mar !

SCENES XLV.

FROM THE ATLANTIC COAST TO THE UTE CAMP.

The passage from "the rock bound coast"
 Up toward the Rocky Mountain heights
 Taxed our young hero's temper most,
 By its long distance, days and nights ;
 But all the way he studied well
 "The Indian Question," first and last ;
 He stood where famous chieftains fell,
 And learned the future from the past.
 He went, too, 'mong the Cherokees,
 The Choctaws and the Chickasaws,
 And in their states finds much to please,
 Their bibles, learning and best laws ;
 And then, his soul surcharged with truth,
 And fired with Christian faith and zeal,
 He hastes, with ardor of his youth,
 T' uplift his tribe with love's appeal.
 At length he finds on the frontier
 His once good friend, the Ute Guero,
 From whom his own death he doth hear,
 In language brief we cite below :

“Arrow,” he said, “and Pangentwa,
Had fought the fierce hordes of the plain,
To capture back their King’s young squaw ;
When Doctor Pangentwa was slain.
But Arrow proved a prince indeed !
He worsted the Arapahoes,
Then marched his force with might and speed
Against the Cheyennes and the Crows.
Meanwhile, white soldiers came and fought
The fierce Apaches and the Sioux,
And took Shawsheen, the squaw they sought,
And sent her home with the good news !”
He said: “She was to be our Queen ;
But Konkaput, our young King-Chief,
Went in her search, nor was since seen ;
His death is now a fixed belief :
But still the Utes have made advance ;
Peace is approved with Apaches ;
Their gallant chief, by them called ‘Chance,’
Has sent, by two brave attaches,
The crown Shawsheen gave our young King,
With word ’twas a wise wizard’s will
They should this thing to Arrow bring ;
So he received and has it still.
He’s hence our chief, both young and brave,
A mighty man in war and peace,
With his great rival in the grave,
Whose own betrothed doth acquiesce.”

(*Konkaput.*)

And was Shawsheen, of whom you speak,
Restored the Utes with all her rights ;
With no attempt her troth to break,
By savage Sioux or soldier Whites ?

(*Guero.*)

To this Guero, with guile, replies :
Yes; she was rescued from the stake,

Where she was bound in sacrifice,
 Ere her betrothal she would break !
 And when she was to us restored,
 She pined, and well nigh perished quite,
 The distant spouse she so deplored,
 And sighed his name by day and night ;
 So that a doctor to her came
 And healed this trouble in her head,
 By incantations of that name,
 As if of one already dead.
 By this she really found relief,
 And with the doctor one day went ;
 When he was chosen a Ute Chief,
 With her the keeper of his tent.
 She thus became the wife and squaw
 Of this Ute doctor with ado,
 Who lives by medicine and law,
 And practices, at will, the two ;
 "A man of medicine" and might ;
 All fear the "meda"* to offend,
 And few are safe before his sight
 Who do not all he does befriend ;
 For he traditions' trails can see,
 And tells the tribes what ones are true,
 And with a fiery frenzy free
 Declares for all what each should do.

(*Konkaput.*)

Does Arrow claim that crown as his,
 The sign that he is the Ute Chief?
 And do the Utes delight in this,
 Nor o'er the absent King show grief?

(*Guero.*)

Their grief is great ! Their Chief is dead !
 The wisest youth the world has known !

* Meda, medicine man.

But, as I have already said,
Young Arrow now is on the throne !

(Konkaput.)

And should their King come back again,
Would Arrow yield to him the crown?
Or cause his rival to be slain—
By some assassin, smitten down?

(Guero.)

Why, all confess he will not come !
He went away as one insane
From the Twin Lakes, his native home ;
He's dead ! He can not come again !
Besides, Arrow's proclaimed him dead ;
And all have mourned him, man by man.
Arrow is honored in his stead,
And rules as well as any can.

(Konkaput.)

But let's suppose that King's alive ;
That searching for his Queen, in vain,
He should some day, yet safe, arrive—
Would he be slain? or King again?
Pray tell, would not your noble tribe
Unite to shout : "The lost is found !
The dead's alive !" and loud ascribe
His greater right to ancient ground?

(Guero.)

We can't "suppose" that he still lives !
Shawsheen herself now deems him dead !
Our love for him no license gives
For treason to our tribal head.
Arrow's a hero, standing high,
In all our hopes, in every heart ;
We all would for and with him die
Before we'd dare from him depart !
Besides, Great Father President
Has called Arrow of Utes the King,

And since to Washington he went
 He has new thoughts—knows everything.
 As warrior, he has warrior's wild ;
 As hunter, he knows every haunt ;
 As Chieftain, he owns every child ;
 On him we wait for all we want !

(*Konkaput.*)

Pray, have the Utes no ancient pride,
 Which, verily, they would evince
 Upon the heir-apparent's side,
 If he should prove himself their prince ;
 Who had departed—but not died—
 And been hard searching ever since
 To find the Princess, promised bride,
 By the best helps, at best but hints ?

(*Guerro.*)

Ah, much for Konkaput we mourn !
 Our people all admired his power ;
 The one bright son of Piesse born,
 The rarest Rocky Mountain flower,
 That, like some plume in loftiest place,
 Seemed waved sublimely in the wind ;
 Or some tall pine tree's princely grace,
 So elevated was his mind !
 No one can know what he could do,
 If he's not dead, but should declare
 As tribal Prince, and prove it true ;
 In royal person reappear,
 So proud, imposing, self-possessed,
 That he should be as he hath been ;
 For Utes, to feel that to be blessed
 They should have him, more than Shawsheen.
 I've loved him like my very life ;
 Been with him, both at home, abroad ;
 Have seen him silence hate and strife
 By giving law, as if from God.

I pause here, wondering at his power !
If, coming from captivity,
He should appear the present hour,
I cannot say what change would be.

(*Konkaput.*)

How would you feel if he were found
Now, fond of knowledge nobler far
Than that of Chiefs yet most renowned,
Able to win more than by war ;
Would you espouse his cause, and aid
To wake the people's wiser pride,
Nor from him shrink, nor be afraid,
But, if you died, fall at his side ?

(*Guero.*)

I surely would ! He was so good,
Well grown, and war-like in the way
That stands the test when understood ;
His wisdom would half win the day !
He's fair and square ; in fact, no "squaw"—
As Utes declare all cowards are ;
His life seemed like some higher law
Put in the world for peace and war.
I said, he left like one insane ;
But he prepared, much to his praise,
A plan to get Shawsheen again
By peaceful, wise and prudent ways ;
These failing, then he bade us fight,
To save each captive held a slave ;
Said : Senoblaze would bless the right,
And bring deliverance to the brave,
Even though some perish in the grave !

SCENES XLVI.

HERE KONKAPUT REVEALS HIMSELF.

So full assurances of faith,
 Such frank affection of his friend,
 Who would devote himself to death
 To aid his efforts to the end,
 Was so inspiring to his soul
 The King could not himself conceal :
 His friendly nature kept control
 In this proud, fond and firm appeal :
 "Guero, dear Guero, most sincere,
 I take your word, and henceforth, know
 I'm Konkaput ! Your King is here,
 And bids you by my side to go !
 There was, in ages long gone by,
 A noble man, of mighty name,
 Who met his brother, mountains nigh,
 And to their tribes in trouble came ;
 Then led them forth with mighty hand
 Through e'en worse surges than the sea,
 Into a precious promised land
 Of life, and love, and liberty.
 Their tribes there stood, tried by the storm
 Of heathen wrath, and reared a race
 Of men appointed to perform
 The greatest miracles of grace.
 So we've met here, with mountains near,
 That we may go to greet again,
 With earnest faith, without a fear,
 Our kindred tribes of the red men,
 And break their chains of darkest night,
 And lead them forth to promised lands,
 That live and blossom in the light
 Of Christian counsels and commands.
 I loved Shawsheen, as you well know :
 My love's led me from sea to sea,

Through many wants and thrilling woe,
Fain to behold where she might be.
Though my fair Love at last is found,
Rescued, restored to her own race,
And has been welcomed, safe and sound,
You can not see how sad my case !
My own is not my own, I hear,
For Konkaput has lost his crown ;
And my fair maiden, too, I fear,
Can never more become my own.
Well, in my wanderings far away,
I've seen what sentiments succeed ;
What better way all who obey
Will nobler gain what good they need !
This Christian knowledge is my crown !
If the Utes honor this, and own
That righteousness which is renown,
I'll through this means maintain my throne ;
Though still by Arrow they shall stand,
His sister's wreath he still retain ;
A worthier crown will I command,
If right may yet reveal my reign !
I crave a Christian culture, too,
In her whom I may have for life ;
Though I have been to Shawsheen true,
Now, she will never be my wife ;
And it is well ! We must submit ;
Perhaps we ought not ever meet—
To learn what is most loyal, fit,
I hence would seek for Wisdom's seat ;
There find what's right, then follow it !
So, forth, dear friend, from this frontier
Take me where Arrow has his tent !
We will his worth and wisdom cheer ;
To his supremacy assent ;
But, with ideas omnipotent,
Will urge the Utes to educate,

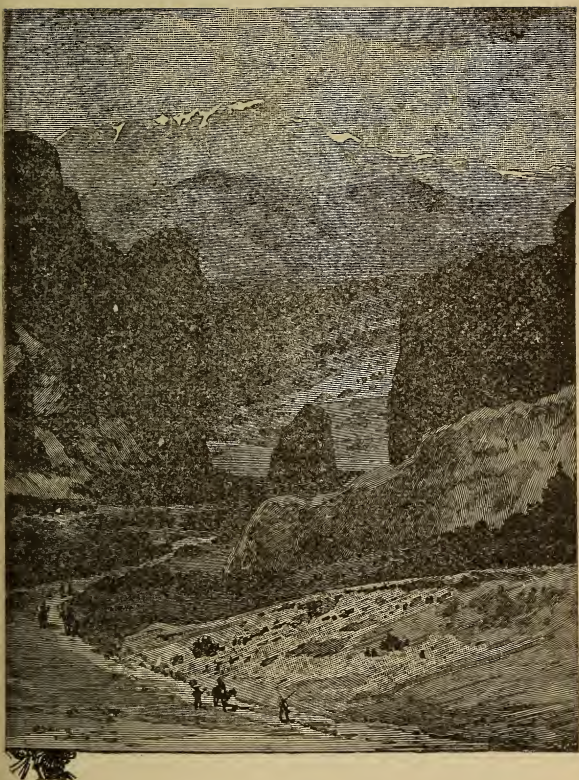
And arts of industry invent ! ”
 At this, they twain, together went,
 To greet the Utes, who proved ingrate ;
 But 'ere they start the young King sent
 To Mercer note of his intent,
 And forecasts of his coming fate !

SCENES XLVII.

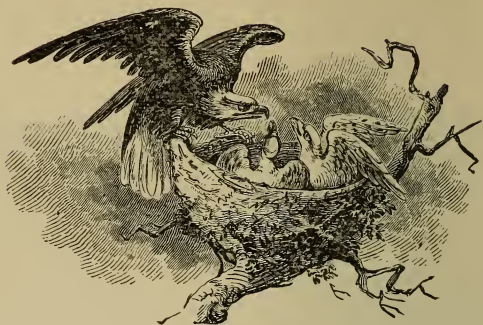
KONKAPUT'S MESSAGE AND APPEAL TO MERCER.

Ere Konkaput had crossed the line
 'Twixt savages and civil life,
 He sent this note in terms benign
 To “ Worthy Mercer ” and his wife,
 Saying : “ I have such hope to see
 The savage turned into a saint,
 A true friend, noble, trusty, free,
 With visage purged from vile war-paint,
 That I am ready even to die
 To hasten down the heaven born days
 When my wild race will rise on high
 And help the world in heavenward ways.
 I can't unfold the care I feel,
 The courage found in Christian faith ;
 Yet I must make you this appeal :
 Do help me save my Utes from death !
 I feel the spell o'er mount and dell ;
 From your Ute friend, farewell, Farewell ! ”

Then, Guero acting as his guide,
 And burdens bearing at his side,
 They onward wend their upward way
 Full many a league, full many a day ;
 Till glad they reach the Eyrie Glen,
 Secluded from sight of men.



GATEWAY TO GARDEN OF THE GODS.



They see an eagle by her nest
 Ere long to take upon her wings
 Her young to bear them off at rest.
 This to the Prince such promise brings
 Of his kind Heavenly parent's care,
 Who had disturbed his nest before,
 And now in love would safely bear
 His inexperience, teach to soar,
 Like eagles toward azure skies,
 That he like them again would rise
 And through the Garden Gate-way go
 To greatest heights and look below.
 So, wishing once more to survey
 The realm of nature's grand array,
 They passed thence up onto Pike's peaks;
 And then inspired, the Ute King speaks,
 So overwhelmed with what he saw
 And filled with poetry and awe,
 He seemed himself a sublime thought,
 A human tongue of heaven taught,
 That the whole scene be so expressed
 In blessing others he be blessed.

SCENES XLVIII.

KING KONKAPUT'S APOSTROPHE UPON PIKE'S PEAK.

A grand and growing vision this! It spreads
Before my eyes, turned either way I will!
Here hoary mountains have uncapped their heads,
And fairest sunbeams bend around to fill
The landscape with a lofty, loving thrill—
A sense of wonder at the scene sublime,
Of mountains above mountains, even until
I seem enlarged, as if to live in time
And space primordial, from creation's prime:
And thence I see the mountains, beasts and men;
The world with all its wonders; yonder sun,
And yon pale moon, and all that is or e'er hath
been,
Or shall be, worked up by the Will of One
Great Spirit, grandly speaking, and 'twas done!
These proud and azure peaks that pierce the air,
The winding rivers that between them run,,
The frosts, the forests, and the foot hills fair,
The heights and depths that Heavenly One and
Will declare.
Great God of nature, source of good supreme,
Who madest the world, and walkest on the wind,
And shinest with the sun's resplendent beam—
Though far less bright than thine own brilliant
mind,
In whose fond forming hand we feel and find
The world, upholden from the Heavens above,
And kept by impulse, beaming, pure and kind,
And living, thrilling, throbbing with thy love—
This wide-spread picture doth thy power and wis-
dom prove.
I seem as nothing, Source of Nature, now;
Foot-hills, and plains and peaks in beauty vie,

While from above the bending heavens bow
 To blend as one thy blessed majesty,
 And halo all the human eye can see,
 With the best glory of the sun's glad beam,
 Into one most amazing mystery—
 Where sights so grand are grander than they seem,
 And strains of silent music most melodious stream.
 Yet what I see, yon eagle looks upon
 More grandly, o'er the tallest mountain height ;
 He soars above the distant, dazzling sun,
 As if to live upon its affluent light,
 And of the sun's own eye to catch the sight ;
 Then on, and on, he soars and sails away,
 Defying height in all his daring flight,
 Till, like a speck he seems of the sun's ray,
 And dies of distance in the depths of undim'd day !

O that I might thus soar above the earth ;
 In my uplifting seem myself the less,
 And lead the world to long for loftier worth ;
 On sires and sons this princely scene impress,
 So blend with sunbeams this sad earth to bless ;
 Soaring away from every wanton sight,
 And, drenched in sunlight as my living dress,
 Or, losing self in the surpassing light,
 Illume earth's darkness and allay distress ;
 So, sinking self from sight in light and height,
 As thus to make earth's chill and breadth more
 cheer and bright.

Behold I stand now 'bove my native hills !

I view once more their varied landscapes o'er ;
 My throbbing brain—enthralled in beauty—thrills
 While memory weeps o'er men I'll meet no
 more !

Here Ca-Ni-Ah-Che stood in days of yore ;
 Here Clark, Kit Carson and kind Fremont came ;
 Here famous leaders stood, full long before,

With him who conjured first my kingly name ;
Aye, in this place stood he whom I deplore,
Whose warrior name was not unknown to fame :
His race I haste to bless, rather than curse or
blame !

I would now lead from nature up to God
My wicked race of wayward, war-like men,
Along the paths the Prince of Peace hath trod,
And consecrate to Him each mount and glen.
My steps, O Lord, I bend where thou hast been,
And give my life, with every gain and loss ;
And if I fail, would fall in some such scene
As this, or that where thou hast laid thy Cross
So high and clear, so holy and so clean,
As driven snow, with not a speck of dross :
So, into Heaven from Pizgah's heights I'd pass
across !

SCENES XLIX.

TO FREMONT PASS AND THE HOLY CROSS.

Guero, as Konkaput's kind guide,
And owning him of Utes the head,
Makes haste to seek that mountain's side
Where Arrow hath his cohorts led,
Till the broad landscapes held Mount Bross,
Mount Lincoln and Rosalia's rim ;
Thence toward the heights of "Holy Cross,"
That in the distance rises dim.

They traveled where Fremont had trod,
Through plains and parks, 'mid throne-like
peaks,
And gained at length the "Mount of God,"
Where Calvary to this continent speaks !
They two are there for the first time,
And wait on bluffs, above all wood,

Beholding scenery, so sublime,
That high the cross in halo stood.
Here paused the prince, in awe profound,
His sense inhaled the heavenly scene ;
While sunset radiance sits around,
And sheds its rich resplendent sheen.



Then, as this paled and passed from sight,
The round whole moon made haste to rise,
With beaming locks of borrowed light,
That scarcely hid the hovering skies.
The mountain stood a massy stem,
As if to hold the earth above,

Or bear th' Almighty's diadem,
That dazzles with divinest love !
Here Guero gave himself to sleep—
But the Ute King, all eye, all ear,
Heard heavenly daimons,* holy, deep,
Say : "Lo, 'tis good, Lord, to be here !"
He saw how saints, from Heaven sent,
The crucifixion still record,
And talked of pitching there his tent,
To look with them upon their Lord.
High o'er him, too, he saw the "Swan"
Around its ancient "Cross" entwined,
Which other lands now looked upon
And in their hearts its hopes enshrined.
He thought, also, how continents
All raise some cross of Rome or Greece,
That pious men and penitents
May pass into the ports of peace.
So this mark set in mountain side
Was, as "The Southern Cross" at sea,
A gift of God to serve as guide
And call him hence to Calvary.
It was a symbol so well set
In solemn silence on the side
The mountain summit, that it met
His want and seemed the world to chide,
And set forth, too, the solemn fate
Of such reformers as foresee
Self-sacrifice essential yet
To make foes friends, and set men free.
So, prostrate here in suffering prayer,
He groaned, as in Gethsemane :
"God spare the Utes given to despair ;
Let my life be their liberty !"

* The Greek *daimon* (demon) meant disembodied spirits good or bad.

He groaned again in agony
 Till helped by angels out of Heaven,
 And all the martyrs' ministry
 Seemed in his grief as succor given.
 He felt the oft-told, fearful tale,
 That darkened lives despise the light ;
 That ignorants will even assail
 Their own redeemers unto right !
 And hence forebodings, full of fears,
 Confirmed his faith that he could fall
 A victim young to vice of years,
 To help atone—like martyrs all !
 And sighing for all sympathy
 That martyrs need, when near the stake,
 He touched Guero most tenderly,
 The weary man at once to wake.
 Just then the peak, with power of art
 Divine, revealed the rising day,
 And bade them early both depart ;
 To the wild camp pursue their way !
 A light repast, like "feasts of love," *
 Of melted snow and bread and meat,
 Prepared them for their early move,
 And soon they saw King Arrow's seat.
 But their dim path was difficult
 To feet unused to find that trail,
 And doubtful the desired result ;
 For several ways were sure to fail.
 At length Guero liked best to go
 Before his master to begin
 The parley and their purpose show,
 Arrow's good will to guide and win.
 His Prince, well pleased, this plan approved,
 And waited, sheltered from the wind
 And glare by rocks, while gladly moved
 His cautious guide with purpose kind.

* The Methodists use bread and water for their love feasts.

Here Konkaput composed a hymn
That might be sung in many scenes,
Suggested by some seraphim
Who know what man's salvation means.

THE HOLY CROSS.—BY KONKAPUT.

The loftiest thing in human thought
Is God's redeeming love,
Which He from heaven in pity brought,
Descending from above.
Unto the cross, uplifted high,
In ages long ago,



THE CREST OF MOUNT HOLY CROSS.

He came from heaven to do and die,
And lift us from our woe.
He came incarnate, God in Christ,
To join our crown and cross :
Redeeming love, who can resist !
To lose that love, what loss !
As God in man, great, meek, and good,
He died that we might live ;
And, rising to His brotherhood,
Learn how our lives to give.

When He ascended out of sight,
 He set this symbol there,
 So clean and white in the clear light,
 And haloed in His air ;
 Upon the topmost waves of time,
 He set this signet high,
 On mountain summits most sublime,
 And in the lofty sky.
 O most serene and blessed sight,
 And simple as sublime!
 I look on thee, and with delight
 Repeat my reverent rhyme,
 And hallow thee with all my heart
 To guide where'er I go ;
 And when from earth I soon depart,
 Make me white as thy snow.

SCENES I.

THE STOLID TREACHERY, AND A TREMENDOUS STORM.

As Guero came to the Ute camp,
 His courage failed, and cringing fear
 Converted to the veriest scamp
 The Ute still deemed both staunch and dear.
 His meanness sold his master soon
 To Arrow's bold, ambitious will,
 For he agreed, that very noon,
 With comrades chos'n their Chief to kill !*
 These, seeking back the sheltering rock,
 Soon reached their King in his retreat—

* Indians have opposed fancied usurpation more than efforts to teach religion. King Ouray was once visited by a young chief, named O-Se-Paw, who threatened to lead the tribe: and as he rode away the King ordered him shot, and the Indians approved. Still, they are superstitious now as in the days of Columbus, and fear the Great Spirit. Hence they have seldom killed religious teachers. Their opposition to Konkaput was political more than religious. What the White River Agency wanted, as we shall soon see, was more of religious truth from God, and less trust in their indolent and treacherous nature.

(The time with whites was two o'clock),
So they sought rest upon his seat.
'The air was warm and winged away,
By simple buoyancy's ascent ;
Till condensed moisture cooled the day,
And 'round the mountain's summit bent.



Soon hurrying clouds the heights command ;
Fierce lightnings leap forth through the air ;
And hiss and howl on every hand,
And lay strange hold on even their hair.

The scene—blent awful and sublime—
 Seemed solemn as a judgment day—
 When Jesus on the tops of time
 Is come in clouds to claim His sway !
 King Konkaput, with calm delight,
 Declares to Guero, God in Christ,
 Who, to foil wrong, defend the right,
 Doth Nature's forces now enlist.
 He says : " This, subtle, sacred thing,
 That glares thus in that awful gleam,
 Shall yet to earth bright solace bring,
 Like the Immanuel's living beam.
 Soon wires will wind around this world,
 And make all lands like living men,
 And thoughts with lightning speed be hurled
 Against bad errors that have been ;
 Till threads of steel with Christ shall thrill
 And summon all men to his seat,
 Arraign the world just as he will,
 And make mankind in converse meet.

So, as reverberating *sound*
 Brings echo after echo near,
 And grave alarms shake all the ground,
 And our own heart-beats we can hear—
 So, on those threads of solemn thought
 Shall sounds from every social scene
 Be from all lands together brought,
 And all men know what all men mean.
 That lightning's flash shall yet illumine,
 Without the thunder's wail, all things,
 Till not a prince shall dare presume
 To contemn Christ, as King of Kings.
 So clear on clouds of Heaven I see
 This Christ of God in goodness come,
 That if so be He summon *me*,
 He'll take me into Heaven, His home !''

Thus counseled them their kind Ute King !
Amid that mighty mountain storm,
While lightnings flash and thunders ring—
And prostrate falls the prayerless form
Of Guero ! lifeless on the ground !

His comrades cringe before his crime,
And pray their Prince, with awe profound,
To ask for them still further time !

SCENES LI.

“HE CAME TO HIS OWN AND HIS OWN RECEIVED HIM NOT.”

They tried in vain to raise the dead :
Guero was waiting for his grave !
All Indian men have had much dread
Of death by lightning, of a brave ;
And these survivors, therefore, seek
The camp, by snow-clouds hid from sight,
With spirit broke too much to speak ;
They're even frenzied in their fright.
So Konkaput alone can give
A good account of Guero's end ;
Hence Arrow suffers him to live,
For this last kindness to his friend ;
But greets him as a “stranger guest,”
Incredulous of kin and creed,
Refusing even to be blessed
With knowledge waiting on his need.
He called a council in the case,
And put a vague, perverse appeal
To the rude passions of his race,
“The fair usurper's fate” to seal.
He spoke with special emphasis,
That thrilled the thoughtless savage throngs
Of what the Ute holds yet as his,
His fancied rights and enforced wrongs,
And coolly claimed the continent—

In sure fee simple to the soil ;
 The world was his where'er he went,
 With none to spare what he would spoil !

KING KONKAPUT REPLIES TO ARROW'S CANT.

Then their true King in tones thus kind,
 Says : " Friends of Konkaput, give ear !
 A moment lend me all your mind,
 And what I say with candor, hear !
 King Arrow's words I will admit,
 Concerning both our wrongs and rights—
 So far as facts are found to fit.

But I have seen far better sights,
 And have in me much higher mind
 Than to roam wild o'er rock and wood,
 And hunt and kill just what we find,
 And get or hope no higher good.
 The parks and woods through which we pass,
 And poorly hold that put in hand,
 Where elks grow fat on herbs and grass,
 With simplest care would soon command
 The best of fruits for Utes and beasts ;
 Like corn and wheat, and apples, too,
 And we could feed on constant feasts,
 And fare as well as white folks do.
 Instead of wigwams, we'd in time
 Have large and happy lands and homes,
 And laws protecting life from crime
 Of every vagabond that roams ;
 Yes, we'd have *homes* instead of haunts,
 And well stocked farms instead of foes ;
 We'd put on hats and coats and pants,
 And vests and shirts, and socks and shoes.
 To temples we would turn those pines ;
 With precious arts that wise men use
 This mountain would be changed to mines,
 If you'd be wise and civilize ;



KING KONKAPUT'S LAST APPEAL.

But if you will live like wild bears,
 And, wandering waste unbounded wealth,
 The Whites shall seize the whole in shares,
 Nor can you stamp their acts as stealth.
 I know man's title to the ground
 Is first, indeed, from the Great Spirit,
 And is a question so profound,
 So high, so mighty, of such merit,
 Abuses of it will abound ;
 That after God—the owner, giver—
 Men soon become its buyers, sellers ;
 As if their heirs may own forever,
 But where are now the old cliff-dwellers ?
 And how bought we their lands and waters ?
 And what our claim upon these mountains,
 To deed them to our sons and daughters,
 With all their forests, fields and fountains ?
 God first gave man a fruitful garden,
 And placed therein to plow and keep it
 The first of men for its first warden—
 Now, to sow grain and go and reap it,
 When it doth grow as God doth bless it,
 Is like his plan when he first planted
 That garden field given man to dress it
 And have therewith whate'er he wanted.
 So had we proved our soil productive,
 And met the ends God had in making,
 He'd see no hand, howe'er seductive,
 Filch that land by forceful taking.

But there was once an ancient Canaan
 Which sacrificed sons in the the fire,
 And that peoples' life did soon expire !
 Though severed far by time and ocean,
 That teaches what all times require—
 That is, survival of the fittest ;

That races live by living rightly.

Those long since dead, like those now latest,
All held life's tenure loosely, tightly,

As they regard real good the rightest ;
That men to hold ground must improve it,
In aid of comity and kindness ;

Both learn what's right, and learn to love it,
Nor blast the soil by sin and blindness.

I know we're wronged by knaves and robbers,
By lecherous men and by mean liars,
By men unjust and base stock-jobbers—
And of these facts are no deniers ;

Yet this is so, since ye are so

Unsuited to your times and places,
And what you need is that you know
What ill and good await all races.

Some Indians wronged have thereby risen ;

The persecuted Cherokees
Have now a land almost elysian,

With prospects that more highly please.

Still every point King Arrow stated
Would seem two-sided, to be sure,

And men with pride may be elated,
Yet still appear perversely poor.

(TWO MODELS—CIVIL, SAVAGE.)

I have two models in my mind :

One is a well taught Choctaw town,
Where all the people are so kind,

Each has a house and farm his own.
There homesteads, churches schools are seen,
And business hums like hives of bees ;

There children play upon the green,
And birds sit singing in the trees,

And naught seems miserable or mean.

There's in my mind this other scene—

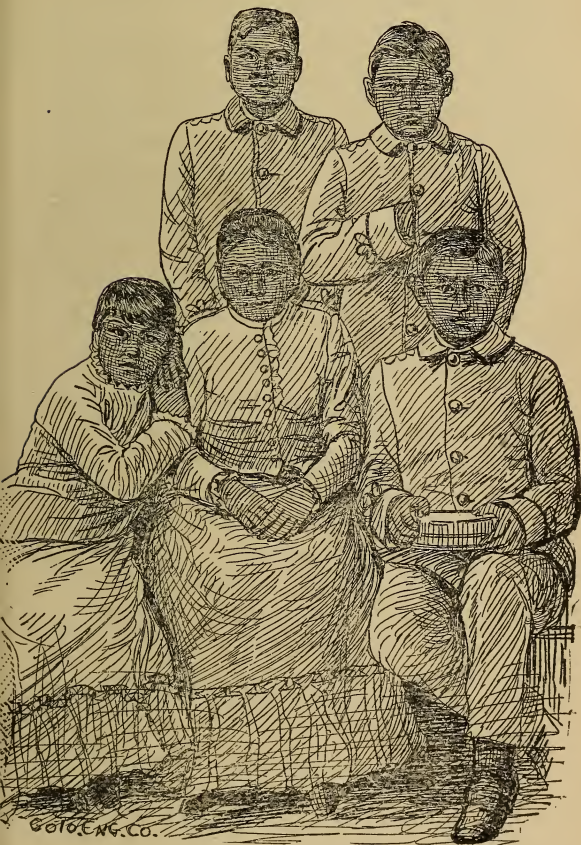
A Ute tepee—here, at this time !

The contrast is like that between
 Christianity and cruel crime.
 Oh ! the centuries of dishonor
 In such low and savage lives,



Doing in no deed nor manner
 That by which the white man thrives !
 We're now living on the bounty
 Of earth's most enlightened nation,

That has pleasant homes of plenty
Beautiful for situation,
Paying us for every acre



More than red men ever paid,
And—in spite of liquor, lucre—
Is in earnest in our aid.

I have two pictures which I got
 In some far eastern Indian schools—
 One is a lazy looking lot
 Of what folks might mistake for fools.
 The other picture is of pearls—
 Once the same cringing, sorry crowd—
 But now good Indian boys and girls,
 Of whom you would yourselves be proud !
 They first were diamonds in the rough—
 Fine ornaments, not formed as yet—
 But now they're nice and bright enough ;
 The same and yet a different set :
 In four full moons this change was wrought—
 A change full worthy to be sought.
 Here in my hand I hold a Book ;
 It has the written words of God—
 Who lately so these mountains shook
 As on these peaks his footsteps trod !
 If you could look on nations now—
 On the degraded and the good,
 Their difference, as facts would show,
 Is, how this Book is understood.
 This Bible makes barbarians wise ;
 Is read by wise men every day ;
 It aids all reading men to rise,
 If they'll believe it and obey ;
 It lends clear light to darkest lands ;
 It leads to wise and worthy lives,
 And, by its Gospel and Commands,
 Makes happy households, husbands, wives ;
 It changes savages to saints,
 And joins their tribes into just states ;
 It heals the world's wicked complaints,
 And now on my Ute nation waits !
 I'm come, dear Utes, to educate
 Your children in the school, the Church ;

To start you toward a higher state,
Assisting you the truth to search,
And "learn to labor and to wait."

We must have patience, persevere,
In efforts to arise and shine.

I have Apache samples here
That are inspiring and divine,

Whose children once seemed low and vile,
But are, as I did just describe,

So much improved at school meanwhile
They'd truly ornament our tribe!

So here I'm come, King Coloro's son,

To lead you up to civil life,
Resulting, sure as rivers run,

In more of strength and less of strife;
Till you'll have towns, useful machines,

Like clocks for time to click its haste,
And cars and mills, increasing means

The world to use, but not to waste.

To all King Arrow's argument,

I render this condensed reply:

The whole vast Christian continent

Is given by God to industry;

Enriched by mines and ripening grains

More useful than Utes ever saw,

Till righteousness eternal reigns

Through learning, labor, love and law!

I'm here to help you now to read,

That you may hear the voice of Heaven;

I love you all; I do indeed!

And for your good my life I've given!

I am your King, and yet have come

To cherish and to cheer your Chief;

I'll help you each to have a home;

I'll give you all God's own relief!

Believe me; 'tis true Bible-men

That wish your good in every way;

The bad and vile alone have been
 Disposed to harm and lead astray ;
 O, take this Book of Blessings, then ;
 Let Heaven's sweet love have perfect sway !”

THEIR KING THEY KILL.

As Konkaput thus plead the cause
 Of savages so saved by grace,
 And laid down Heaven's divinest laws
 That reach and lift the lowest race ;
 Just as he spoke of work and wealth,
 And of that Book's life-giving breath,
 One with stiletto, drawn by stealth,
 Stepped up and stabbed his back to death !
 And as the strokes with life-blood streamed,
 All rushed around with savage yell ;
 Yet like some Christ the young King seemed !
 As he defenseless, dying fell,
 He groaned in prayer : “ Great God, forgive
 This deed ! They know not what they do !
 I die for them : O, let them live,
 And learn to trust in what is true !”

When this was said, the King was dead !
 If they could know they've killed their King,
 And learn to take the laws he taught,
 His reign of righteousness would bring
 The ceaseless sceptre he had sought ;
 Then Christ's own crown to him is brought !

SCENES LII.

TWO INDIAN FUNERALS AND THE RELICS FOUND.

Two Indian funerals to attend !

The thoughts of thunder and the dead,
Of Konkaput, their King and friend,

Who seemed so sage in what he said,
Made the tepee of tender mind,

Caused a few consciences to feel

Compunction of the keenest kind,

And Arrow could not his conceal.

He, therefore, bade that his best horse

Should die and share with the deceased—

To help remove the sore remorse

That breathed of murder in his breast.

His favorite dog he forced to die,

And lie down with the lonely dead,

To bear them kindly company

When they should leave, like shades, their bed
And trudge on through eternity.

He took from Konkaput with care

Some papers, moist and stained with gore,
Which he presumed were either prayer

Or wise enchantments that he wore ;

For it would seem he did so wear

These charms brought, cherished, to his breast,
They were so fondly folded there,

In very lining of his vest,

To be, of all his keepsakes, best.

King Arrow not a word could read ;

So he forthwith wished some pale face
To help his Indian heart, indeed,

The true intent therefrom to trace.

He put them in a parchment pouch

To keep them covered, dry and clean,
Till some wise voice would soon avouch

What manuscripts so choice must mean ;

And soon we have another scene.

SCENES LIII.

FRIEND MERCER'S ENTRY ON THE SCENE.

"Nathaniel Mercer,"—now well known,
 As "tutor of the young Ute King,"—
 Was not a man to live alone,
 When a good wife is a good thing ;
 So he had wed a bride whose blood
 Did flush deep red upon her face,
 When by her spouse she speechless stood
 And read the call to save his race,
 Which Konkaput compactly wrote
 And sent them from the Ute frontier ;
 And now, inspired by that note,
 Upon the scene they both appear,
 In hope the savages to save—
 As the dead King had begged them do—
 And brought with them their daughter brave,
 Yet no more brave than bright and true.
 She was a choice and winsome child,
 Like "Father Mercer," meek and fair,
 With laughing ways, not loose nor wild,
 But as elastic as the air ;
 On whom her hours had easy whiled,
 As she seemed in their songs to share ;
 For smooth-faced seasons fondly smiled
 To culture her with kindly care—
 A jasmine vine with virtues rare.
 So father, mother, Jessamine—
 Three philanthropic, faithful hearts—
 Appear with purpose on the scene ;
 They've sought the Utes, to teach them arts
 And useful industries betimes ;
 They're come for the experiment,
 To crowd out cruel lust for crimes
 By careful toil and true content ;
 For this—no more—friend Mercer meant !
 To teach them work he chiefly went.

Just at this juncture, thus they came,
To raise from ruin the rude race ;
They'd heard somewhat of Arrow's fame
And left the plains to find his place.
Mercer had made one desert smile
And breathe with fragrance bright and fresh ;
So now with good he would beguile
Such flocks and herds of human flesh.
He met the tribe's chief mountain train
In their demure and slow descent
To go into the parks again ;
And with them thitherward he went.
At first he found naught of his friend,
No trace of his so tragic fate ;
Yet dreamed that some most dreadful end
Would on himself and his await.
He ne'er had talked an Indian tongue,
Nor might now plan how to make plain
The whole-souled cause to which he clung ;
But slowly feared his friend was slain.
At first a clue ; for some such clothes
As Konkaput's, King Arrow wore ;
And in their Anglo-Indian oaths
Some swaggering Utes about them swore,
In such a way, by words and signs,
That he suspected some foul play.
He watched, with dread, some dire designs
Upon his life, both night and day ;
But they made signs that he was safe :
They'd lay no hand upon his life,
And charged that he should no more chafe
With fear for his dear child or wife.
Although they lived as without law,
And strongly conscious of their strength,
They watched their guests with guarding awe,
And longed for intercourse. At length,

Arrow's heart ached to hear them read
 The papers found on Konkaput ;
 But shuddered so to show the deed,
 A sense of shame sealed his mouth shut.
 The wardrobe Arrow had well worn
 Seemed Konkaput's, or such as his ;
 But soon that Bible, soiled and torn,
 Preserved and full of phophesies,
 With margin notes, well named and made
 By Konkaput's own careful hand,
 Was one day down by Mercer laid,
 And, as it stood upon his stand,
 Though speechless, their friend's death displayed.
 Then Arrow brought the papers he
 Took wet from Konkaput still warm,
 In parchment put so tenderly,
 And cherished as the dead Chief's charm ;
 And when their contents became known,
 All joined in weeping ; Jessamine
 Declaring, with devoutest moan,
 "Such words and deeds were so divine,
 The Ute King died as to atone !"
 Then Arrow owned the dreadful crime,
 With piercing wails of penitence,
 Confessing, also, at the time,
 King Konkaput's inheritance.
 Then for their King all sigh and cry :
 "O Konkaput, our King and friend,
 Alas ! and thou didst live and die
 For others' good, even to the end !
 Thy life a loving ministry ;
 Thy very death a victory !"

SCENES LIV.

THE PAPERS FOUND ON KONKAPUT.

The papers Arrow called "a charm,"
Taken from Konkaput when dead,
Stained with his blood, still moist and warm,
Were mostly letters, Mercer read,
From Trapper Clark's most trusted friend
To tell this benefactor's fate,
And some that did the Ute's fees send,
When he was east to educate.
One said: "Clark's dying love and grace
Pleaded the cause of the 'Ute King,'
And prayed for every abject race—
He went to Heaven thus worshipping !'
Two others were from Zinziba,
Who did in Lincoln's cause enlist ;
And from the gambler, Borgia,
Who fell as a philanthropist—
Of these just read, this is the gist :



ZINZIBA.

[HIS LETTER TO KONKAPUT.]

"Near Wagner's Fort : Dear friend so long,
Where slavery and gaunt famine's wolf
Were hunting us with hate and wrong,
And we lived in loved ones' behalf ;

I write to tell you I am here ;
 That soon we move to make attack
 On forts that full of fates appear,
 And may be I shall ne'er come back.
 If I shall fall, proclaim to all,
 I dared as a doomed martyr die !
 I came for conscience to the call
 That all my race be free as I,
 And when the flags of freedom wave
 In triumph over slavery,
 The enfranchised slave shall from my grave
 Reap a diviner destiny."
 Zinziba—so the story runs—
 Thus fought and at Fort Wagner fell ;
 Whose widow and their little ones
 Were cared for by their country well ;
 While Borgia, a bold dying man,
 Wrote from a "Rebel Prison Pen,"
 Scratched with a nail on an old pan,
 And copied thence by other men :



HUGH BORGIA.

(The Gambler Reformed to a Philanthropist.)

[BORGIA'S BENIGN APPEAL.]

"Ho, all ye peoples, be it understood,
 There is no greatness but in being good ;

There is no pleasure like the Christian plan,
Which makes men better by belief in man,
Treads here the path the Prince of Peace hath
trod,

And makes men wiser by the will of God !
There's no security in civil life
Where strong with weak struggle in wasteful
strife,

There's no good government against the right,
Nor where the weak are so by wicked might ;
For, sure as faith, all races shall be free,
By sweets of love or swords of liberty !

Then let oppressors learn this prudent path :

'Provoke good will to men and not God's wrath !'

Yea Lord, in this I yield my life to thee,

And hope from Heav'n the ransomed earth to
see,

Rejoicing in thy realm so just and right :

O, Lord, let there be light ! let there be light !"

So Borgia passed into eternity.

SCENES LV.

THE PENCILLED NOTES OF KONKAPUT.

King Konkaput kept in his coats,
And round his Bible, a small roll
Of poems, pencilings and notes,
Which said what subjects cheered his soul.

One was a record of renown

That showed how many wandering tribes
Now live in houses of their own.

Another paper then describes

The way he hoped his tribe to win

From vagabondage, beastly vice,
And every savage source of sin,
Before his own presaged demise.

Such data seem almost divine ;
 They indicate his heart indeed,
 For on each leaf Christ's love doth shine
 So clear and bright the blind can read.
 It says : " I'll teach my Utes to toil ;
 Will turn their wishes toward the plains,
 To seek for fields some fertile soil,
 That we can fill with fruits and grains ;
 I'll teach their youth to read and write,
 And give their souls God's saving love ;
 Yes, my poor Utes may yet unite
 With good below and God above ! "
 The notes were notable indeed,
 For their far-reaching thought and facts,
 Relating both to human need
 And heartlessness of human acts.
 The poems, full of pith and power,
 Were, some, as apt as earth e'er saw ;
 And one, adapted to the hour,
 Was on the death of Colonel Shaw,
 And writ t' unfold how poor " Zeeb " fell,
 His future witness to foretell.



COL. ROBT. G. SHAW,

A noble Boston boy, who was buried under twenty of his colored braves that fell with him in their charge on Fort Wagner, S. C. He had said : " If I am killed, these colored boys will honor me. In history they'll rise and be my witnesses."

SCENES LVI.

"THESE BE MY WITNESSES."

Sweet witnesses are such, to swear,
By all the blood drawn from their veins,
By all the power of faith and prayer,
By all the debt of stripes and pains,
By all the lust and crime confessed,
By wrongs ancestral, rank and deep,
With fearful ratio unredressed—
Enough to make an angel weep—
That brave black men, brought here by theft,
And long degraded down as slaves,
Can not by treason be bereft
Of their birth-right as Freedom's Braves!"

Rare witnesses, to rise and stand
Within the Nation's Judgment Hall,
As if with bayonet in hand
To drive "Dread Scott-hood" to the wall;
In Halls of Congress to appear
And plead, like Christ, their living cause,
From age to age, and year to year,
Demanding just and equal laws;
And each quadrennial to stand—
That sable score, with solemn air—
Before the White House, to demand
That equal rights reign always there!

High witnesses are they, henceforth,
Against all tyrants, till that day
When proud oppressors, South and North
Shall hear the Judge of all men say:
"In that ye have not done to these,
My poorest brethren though they be,
The deeds of pity that I please,
Ye have not done them unto me!"

In every age and everywhere
These martyred men shall rise and tell

The world to keep with willing care
 The famous spot whereon they fell !
 Shaw's witnesses, to share his deed,
 Held in reserve in his own grave,
 To rise in every time of need
 And plead the cause of every slave ;
 In poesy to rise and sing
 The sublime meed of such a doom,
 When future freedmen fondly bring
 Their cherished chaplets to this tomb ;
 To rise in history and crown
 His young and beauteous Saxon brow
 With moral grandeur, that renown
 Before which Fame herself shall bow !
 Christ's witnesses ! The King of Kings
 Will own their worth in all the earth
 And breathe a benizen that brings
 Hope's blessings to my heathen birth.
 For, if the negro race now rise
 And come to life in Christian lands,
 A sublime motive this supplies
 To my red race of roving bands.
 Heaven speed the day, and haste its dawn,
 When races, white and black and red,
 Shall all, in well-drilled legions drawn,
 March for the Truth with mingled tread.
 My Indian race must not decrease !
 Whatever to me may betide,
 I'll teach to practice arts of peace
 With good my goal and God my guide.
 Though long race struggles rend the land,
 I'll face the future without fear,
 And still undaunted will I stand
 And hark my Maker's voice to hear ;
 For God is good and good is God,
 And wisdom its own way shall win ;
 My race shall bow before His rod

As children chastened for their sin.
And my poor Utes must yet appear,
Exalted by Heaven's aiding hand,
Advancing upward year by year,
Till in both Church and State they stand ;
Aye, children taught in church and school,
Shall lift their hopes to life and Heaven,
And have their rights, and help to rule—
The greatest good to mortals given !
Far down the future I do see
Ute children's children cherishing
The fruits of Truth on Freedom's tree,
With all oppressions perishing !
The pale-faced nation soon shall know
What rights and wrongs are in array,
Nor wish our weakness, want and woe,
Nor war to wipe us all away !
But millions wasted to make worse
Shall be well used to make us wise,
To convert every vicious curse
Into progressive enterprise ;
Yes, the Ute race will yet arise
With a wise effort to be free ;
Men agonize to earn their prize,
And lives well lost win liberty !
The future's bright before my eyes !

SCENES LVII.

ARROW'S REPENTANCE AND REFORMING POWER.

Those letters from the lifeless form
Of Konkaput—that seemed to be
Stained with his blood, still wet and warm,
So freely shed to set them free—
Gave Arrow a grand range of grief ;
For his best friend, when but a boy,

Kind Konkaput, their Christian Chief,
 He had dictated to destroy,
 Through "bitterness of unbelief!"
 The relics all, as read, were rare,
 And took such hold upon his heart
 That he soon came to Christ in prayer,
 And thence pursued a Christian's part ;
 Led forth his tribe with useful laws,
 As their great Chief, chastened with grief,
 Their wisest Sachem ever was,
 Of Indian diplomats, the chief,
 Proclaiming Konkaput's own cause,
 Now born of his benign belief.
 He sought out haunts in peaceful scenes,
 Securing him a civil home,
 Where peaks confront, and intervenes
 A royal park where Utes might roam,
 And yet where he might have his field,
 Hire helpers for his harvesting,
 And thence his worthy sceptre wield
 O'er all the Utes, as their own King,—
 His squaw, Chopeta, cherishing.

A later sort of legend saith :

 At that sad season of the years,
 He went, indeed, until his death,
 To wet the turf with his warm tears
 And sound abroad his broken sighs—
 (Like David by Chief Abner's bier)—
 Where Holy Cross could hear his cries,
 And peaks to peaks echo replies :

 "My nation's hope was made known here !
 A wise Ute King was once killed here ;
 My Konkaput was martyred here !"

SCENES LVIII.

THE MERCERS' MISSION.

Mercer, both manly, bold and meek,
Unto his heathen brethren brought
The needed arts they never seek
And tirelessly those arts he taught.
He went forth with them, even where
The trappers plied their peltry trade,
And then induced these Indians there
Awhile, indeed, to lend their aid.



"TUTOR MERCER."

Ditches were dug for watering fields ;
Fields were platted, plowed and sown ;
Young harvests rose in ripening yields,
And every worker won his own.
Houses appeared among the hills ;
Hammers were heard resounding high,
And meadows, shops and flouring mills
Were soon beheld by passers by.

The desert blossomed as the rose ;
 Domestic birds and beasts abound ;
 He sought for friends 'mong savage foes,
 And fancied all is peace profound !
 Mistress Mercer's frugal mind
 Helped Ute women here to sew ;
 Kept them to papposes kind ;
 Taught them household duties, too.
 Jassamine, that joy of girls,
 Turned a teacher in a trice,
 And, more precious far than pearls,
 Made Ute misses neat and nice.
 She loved children, too, from choice ;
 Won their love by winning ways ;
 And ne'er bird had sweeter voice
 Than hers sounding heavenly praise.
 Her little garden was aglow
 With fragrant wild flowers, fresh and fair.
 Pond lillies white and pure as snow
 And heliotropes exhaled in air ;
 Wild roses with their welted ring,
 So rich in rare simplicity,
 A fit corona for a King,
 Vied with each tamed variety.
 And as Ute braves are passing by,
 And take slight squints at the white squaw,
 The Indian women wonder why
 They don't such admiration draw—
 A sweet bouquet is her reply.
 Here let us drop the legend veil ;
 A "key" is left us to unlock
 The untold future of their tale
 That may full many a maiden shock ;
 For fiction is less strange than facts,
 And truths of a rude, treacherous race
 Are read the best in their real acts :
 Next, these we'll try in truth to trace.



CHALK CUT OF PAWNEES AT CARLISLE, 1889.

THE KEY OF KONKAPUT,

OR

FACT STRANGER THAN FICTION.

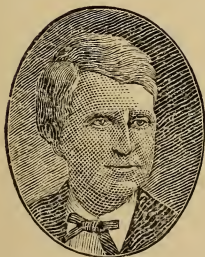
THE FATE OF THE MEEKER FAMILY:

THE MASSACRE, CAPTIVITY AND RESCUE;

ADAMS, OURAY AND SHAWSHEEN,

AND

“GOD BLESS SUSAN.”



NATHANIEL C. MEEKER.

THE KEY.

SCENES LIX.

BREAKING THE SECRET.

The long bound secret let us break !

The scene of Shawsheen's sacrifice,
And her salvation from the stake
No supple legend now supplies.

An army officer asserts

That by his force the brave squaw's fate
Was changed from death to her deserts—

But his account *he* can best state :

He says : " On Cache Poudre's plain,

Where stands a patronymic town,
A brave Ute girl, bound to be slain,

Was found, in rank of first renown,
And rescued (as before we read)

When round her rose the ring of fire,
And she was deemed as good as dead,

The victim of most vile desire ! "

This soldier hence called her " Susan,"

A Jewish name that meaneth " joy,"

And sent her with a courteous man,*

Who did his best despatch employ
To reach the far-off Ute tepee ;

Found there her nearest, dearest friends,
And for them set the captive free,

Supposing there her history ends.

" Nathaniel Mercer," Meeker now,

The type and father of that town

Which places high in rank the plow,

As loaded harvests long have shown,

* Interpreter Curtis accompanied the rescued captive to her own overjoyed people.

Became official "Indian Friend ;"
And, with his wife and daughter, he
Went off to the "White River Bend"
To teach the Utes true industry :
With this man's fate mere fictions end—
Nothing's so tragic as real tragedy !

SCENES LX.

THE MASSACRE OF THE WHITE MEN.

This man, with masterly attempt,
Made houses, gardens, orchards, farms,
On which "poor Indians" poured contempt ;
Incapable of civil charms.
His wife, a refined woman rare,
Was regular as Order's rule,
And her young maid was meek and fair,
And scolded not in her Ute school.
His employés were excellent,
Well purposed people every one ;
True coadjutors, kind, content,
And doing well what could be done.
Upon their homes the Heavens smiled ;
Beneath their hands bright harvests waved ;
And every one—man, woman, child—
Was with the Indians well-behaved.
But on a soft September day,
When peace seemed sweet as Paradise,
And light, like a loved halcyon, lay
Upon the dale, savage device
Leapt on this laboring of pure love,
Pillaged and sacked the sacred scene,
Martyred the men, ere they could move,
And strewed their corpses on the green.
There Meeker, Thompson, Shepard, Post,
Eaton, Eskridge, Dresser, Price,
A prostrate, hallowed, precious host
Of martyrs by most brutal vice,

Were gathered from their gory bed
Where fire and ball had felled them all,
And garnered down as goodly dead
Beneath the cotton-willows tall ;
While far away their forlorn wives
And children rode in cheerless pain,
With threats to torture out their lives
If they ceased not to mourn their slain ;
Yes, mothers, children, the fair maid,
Were captives of that caravan
Of red men, who had made the raid
Upon a preconcerted plan.
The lazy, lousy libertines
Forced female virtue, so forlorn,
Adding to murder all the sins
Of Adam's race since sin was born.
'Tis due to truth that we declare
Rape, arson, murder, theft, all, crown
This raid of pampered red men there—
And history doth hand it down !
Language but fails us to lay bare
The base design thus to destroy
A first class effort, kind and rare,
To lead the Utes to peace and joy.
The noble story's stated new :
"I would have saved you : ye would not !"
"Alas ! they know not what they do !"
Falls still the groan that's still forgot.
The army, all America,
On hearing the intelligence,
Are dumb, amazed ! at this display
Of diabolic ignorance ;
While human sympathy's suspense
Seeks solace from Heaven's holy seat,
And goeth up to gather hence
Mercy for such emergence meet !

SCENES LXI.

MISS JOSEPHINE MEEKER AND THE YOUNG DEFENDER,
FRANK DRESSER.

Good Josephine—God bless her!—
In the attacking hour,
Spoke to her young friend Dresser,
These words of point and power :
“ Here, Frank, take Price’s rifle !
Your duty must be clear,
For ’tis no time to trifle ;
The fiends are hovering near ! ”
Then, with this weapon rested
Upon the window sill,
His timely aim he tested
A killing Ute to kill.
The stalwart Indian, wounded,
Fell instantly, stone dead !
The foe was thus confounded,
And the women safely fled.
Now see them flying, crying,
Into the copse near by !
In sight of dead and dying,
Hear, too, that savage cry !
The flashing bang of rifles,
The flying up of flames,
The sacking whoop that stifles
All mention of their names,
While Frank is bravely covering
The women’s swift retreat !
Then wounded, weak with suffering,
He flies with thorn pierced feet,
Into the bustling sage brush,
But stands by woman still,
Till all the Utes, enraged, rush
Crying “ kill him ! kill ! kill ! ! ”
But to the women, “ hold ! hush ! ”

As them they held, he hasted
From sight among the sage,
Till weary hours were wasted—
Each hour an anxious age !
Then in dim twilight, dreary,
He slyly scanned the slain,
Then went forth sad and weary,
Weeping with grief and pain,
And reached—no way-side tavern,
No house upon the heath—
But a cold, late dug cavern
To lie down lone in death ;
To spend last hours in sorrow,
With friends all far away !
He may not hail the morrow ;
He'll die ere dawn of day !
The fatal wounds were flowing ;
The keen-point cacti stung ;
And while the night was going
His rest was anguish wrung !
He'd sought help from the soldiers ;
He'd hoped to reach his home ;
But stormed by Ute stadt-holders (?)
His hour of death has come !
His fleeting moans are muffled,
For fear the foes will hear ;
His mortal coil is shuffled ;
No mortal caring near ;
His coat and rocks as pillows,
His gun set at his side,
As one beneath the billows
So struggled he, and died !

SCENES LXII.

FRANK DRESSER'S FIGHT ALONE WITH DEATH.

That brilliant youth, thus brave and young,
Hid in a hole they had cut for coal,
And in this secret place there sung,
Or rather, sighed away his soul :
“Alas ! Indeed I’m here with death !
Lo ! I must die—must die alone ;
No parting word ! No pitying breath !
My fate is now to all unknown !
Ah ! did I say “Alone with Death !”
All die alone—alone with God !
Who brought me both my life and breath,
Where’er my truant feet have trod ;
Who lead me on from youth to man ;
Whose spirit oft spoke in my ear :
“This life at best is but a span,
And every day is dying here !’
Alone, indeed, with death and God !
I fall before their bidding fate
And reach the hand that holds the rod—
Though suffering here by savage hate !
I’m not afraid, O Death, to die !
The Savior of my soul I see,
By this lone bed whereon I lie,
A mighty Christ has come to me !
Farewell, this world of fearful war !
Farewell, even foes and far-off friends !
I’ll join beloved ones just before ;
I’ll dwell with ye when dying ends !
O Death, stern Death, where is thy sting ?
My body, not my soul’s distressed ;
Thou dost not come as Terror’s King ;
Thou kindly bring’st me to Christ’s breast,
There now I’m blessed with painless rest !

SCENES LXIII.

FAREWELL TO FATHER MEEKER.

(Published first during the captivity.)

Mr. Meeker said : " I came to this agency with the full belief that I could civilize the Utes ; that I could teach them to work and become self-supporting. I thought that I could establish schools and instruct both Indians and their children in learning. I have given my best efforts to this end, always treating them kindly, but firmly. They have eaten at my table and received continued kindness from my wife and daughter, and all the employés about the agency ; and now the man for whom I have done the most has turned on me without the slightest provocation, and would have killed me but for the white laborers who got me away. They are an unreliable and treacherous race. Their whole complaint is against plowing the land, against work and against the schools."—*Father Meeker to Colonel Steele, September 10, 1879.*

Thou guileless martyr, friend of man and God,
 Who hast defined our nation's duty now
 So blamelessly and sealed it with thy blood—
 That red men must be made to read and plow—
 A monument is rising to thy name
 Which never will be found to fade or fall ;
 Thy tragic death has given thee deathless fame ;
 Thy name's revered by all, both great and
 small.
 'Twere vain to tell thee of the tearful voice
 That mourned thy death and men, both night
 and day :
 Earth's sorrows would not make thy soul rejoice,
 Nor wash thy guileful murderer's guilt away.
 Though thou didst plead for life both loud and
 long,
 Now a great nation grieves about thy grave,
 Nor is it strange to say that nation's strong
 And full of brilliant forms both firm and brave.
 Large bodies slowly move to save even life ;
 Yet heroes hastened as half out of breath,

And gallant Thornburg greeted first the strife,
And daring men foretasted even thy death ;
Till a beleaguered band, for thine own sake,
Did bleed and famish 'mid the bloody foe,
And sable men did such forced marches make
Their fellow-soldiers' fate with thine to know.
'Twere vain to tell thee of the cruel vice
Imbedded deep in the imbruted brain
Of hardened Utes, who, like the hidden ice-
Berg floating in the billowy main,
Would bruise and break the worthiest bark
That links all lands and labor into one :
Thou knowest too well the way they, in the dark,
Deep wastes, do hide their wicked deeds when
done !
It were not wise to wait and watch the scene
Where employés would plow and plant the
place,
That grain might grow and stand in living green,
To cheer and cherish such a churlish race ;
Nor dare we speak in fancy's fearful spell
Our thought of captives killed, or kept away
From aching hearts wherein they ever dwell,
And feed our faith and fears whene'er we pray.
But, "Father Meeker," thee we bid farewell !
We need not think of thee as though now dead ;
Thy sweet resolves of good shall rise and swell
Above the guilt that built thy gory bed,
And breathe forth blessings from the breast of
Time,
Till Time herself shall drape this hurrying
sphere
With crapen weeds for man's last cruel crime,
And catch with tenderest care his latest tear.

SCENES LXIV.

THE SIEGE OF OUR SOLDIERS.

The day they martyred Meeker,
The Utes attacked our troops,
With blâst and storm far bleaker
Than ever shipwrecked sloops.
The night Dresser lay dying
The troops, besieged, lay bare,
And deadly foes, defying,
Kept regal guard in air!
From the bold heights above them,
They hurled down leaden hail;
So that to march or move them,
Or stand, were still to fail.
Those fortresses of Nature
The soldiers had to pass,
Were more than men of stature,
And "mighty men" en masse,
Or howitzers of brass.
Thence, like the thunder's lightning,
When pent up torrents pour,
Hid "braves" their heights kept brightening
'Mid rapid death shots' roar,
And if a soldier lifted
His luckless head in sight,
Swift bullets fast were sifted
Like shot from a tower's height.
Six days they so beleaguer
The "boys in blue" there bound;
While to besieged besieger
Seems hovering all around—
Their hole* dug in the ground!
Six days! Then safety entered,

* The soldiers dug a large pit, using the earth for embankment, but could neither go for water nor send forth a messenger; nor could they go in force to find their hidden foes without all falling one by one in the futile effort.

With shout and weeping song
Where siege with death had centered
And hours seemed ages long !
Let us prolong that shout and song.

SCENES LXV.

THE SOLDIERS' SUPPLICATION AND SONG ENDING THE SIEGE.

The Sabbath morn, through brightest air,
Heard troops forlorn breathing this prayer :

“Thou Captain of Salvation,
We can but come to Thee ;
Who seest our situation,
What our sad fate must be !
Is there no help from Heaven ?
Is there no aid on Earth ?
Is there no succor given,
To guide us safely forth ?
Almighty Savior hear us,
And raise this savage siege !
O ! make these Utes yet fear us,
And own the Lord, their Liege !”

While the besieged are praying,
There comes deliverance kind,
The bugle's calls are playing,
And shouts waft on the wind !
Then joins Merritt, the General,
With Captains Dodge and Payne ;
To mingle faith and funeral
Of both the saved and slain ;
And brave Lieutenant Cherry,
And soldiers, cheer on cheer,
Make Sabbath morning merry
With songs we still can hear.
For thus in soul they're singing,
With weeping and delight,



Till rocks and trees are ringing
 And height echoes to height :
 "Sing praise for our salvation
 To Him by whom we live ;
 United adoration
 To God, our Savior, give !"
 The Lord, our Liege, hath raised the siege !

SCENES LXVI.

THE MARTIAL MOURNING OVER OUR MARTYRED MEN.

Those heroes rescued, heed !
 "The dead bury their dead !"
 How slow and sad, indeed,
 They march with muffled tread
 To lay beneath the sod
 Each fallen injured form,
 Whose soul had gone to God
 Out of that savage storm !
 Their duty to the dead
 Is seen in every eye ;
 In tears so timely shed ;
 In silence and in sigh ;
 In "volleys" * sadly fired ;
 In sacred service said,
 And talk as they retired :
 "These duties to the dead
 Suggest that yonder sun
 Hath not yet ever seen
 A massacre—not one—
 More base than this hath been !
 Ne'er a completer case,
 Of cruel, vicious crime,

* Mr. H. H. Hamilton, who went with the troops under Gen. Merritt, said : "The body of Mr. Meeker, found with a barrel stave in his mouth and a log chain round his neck, was buried with military honors, the *soldiers firing a volley over his grave*, and scarcely a dry eye was seen among the men who performed the sad duty."

Hath risen from any race,
In all the rounds of time !''

So said the sorrowing band,
That buried there the slain,
In such lone, savage land ;
That they might there remain
And consecrate the ground
To grander life and growth,
Till benefits abound
To slay both vice and sloth !

SCENES LXVII.

THE PAINFUL SUSPENSE.

(Published during their captivity.)

While sad hearts are bleeding and hopes lying
dead,

And silent harps hang where the willow tree
waves,

And the Angel of Song bows in sorrow his head
Where the Muses sit mourning o'er fresh
martyr graves,

A suspense far more painful, concerning the fair—

The mothers, the maid, in captivity led—
Makes fancy, affection and faith fill the air

With visions more vivid than ever were read.

The faces maternal, majestic with love,

And glowing with patience, so glad in the
past ;

And the virgin, with virtue all values above,

At first look the same as when we saw them
last ;

But visions of hardships they've vainly endured,
And scenes the most thrilling which they have
passed through,

With naught to sustain them but faith well as-
sured,

Rise up with rough voices to change the rare
view.

The mothers seem bearing the burden of years ;
The maid 'mid events more weighty than time ;
But tersest emotions that marshal their tears,
Still sit on their faces in sadness sublime.

While the wild men's mean vices the visions more
change,

And the look and the laugh of the lawless
phalanx

Smite the fancy with facts all so fearful and
strange,

That my faith quite recoils from the face of
their ranks.

Yet affection will follow, and fancy still flies
To the wild men and women there wandering
away,

While their pale Christian captives point up to
the skies ;

And with them we gain strength in God's
presence to pray :

God pity the captives ! In their weakness and woe
Give strength for their want ; and, O, straight-
way restore

Their face to our friendship, for suspense make
us know

Their cruel captivity soon shall be o'er !

SCENES LXVIII.

JOSEPHINE MEEKER'S FEARLESS MOTTO.

This valiant scene's since come to view,
In the lone captives' life :
Chief Douglas once his firelock drew
And, brandishing his knife,
Threatened the Christian maid to kill
If she should dare to flee,
Or disobey his bestial will,
Whatever that may be.



JOSEPHINE MEEKER IN HER CAPTIVE ATTIRE.

The muzzle's on the maiden's brow ;
The dagger's lying there ;
Our fancy hears the rifle now,
The bullet's whiz in air ;
Nor breaks the shudder with a breath,
Till she is heard to say :
"I fear not Indians nor death !"
And Quingnant* sneaks away.
'Tis worth four weeks of waiting for ;
It fills well a felt want ;

* Quingnant was this chief's name. He was called Douglas from his supposed resemblance to Senator S. A. Douglas.

It's almost worth an Indian war,
To thus return their taunt!
The Indian service, the whole line,
From post to President,
Might deem this motto as divine;
It seems from Heaven sent!
Aye, every officer and man,
When forced into the field,
With a loud voice, leading the van,
Should wield it as a shield;
For did not Adams also say:
"I fear them not!" This said
He took their captives soon away—
The living from the dead!

SCENES LXIX.

THE CHEERING COINCIDENCE OF CARLE ADAMS' COMMISSION.

At this sad point of sore suspense,
That seemed more anxious every hour,
The time, the instant, most intense,
Oppressive, even beyond our power,
A man of most illustrious name,*
That is in nations far off known
For keen diplomacy, here came,
Defying death upon his throne!
And with commission kind and wise
Made haste, with Ouray's mandate high,
To seek the captors in surprise,
Demand the captives ere they die,
And in his country's name require
That rapine shall be punished well,
And arson, seen in forest fire,
And buildings burned where white men dwell.

* A German, Mr. Swanbeck, whose name was changed by law, became the General Carle Adams, who was sent by President Hayes to Ouray, the Utes' High Chief, to demand of him the release of the captives. This word came the very day "The Painful Suspense" first appeared in print.

High Sheik Ouray an escort sent
 As General Adams' aid,
 Whence he to Ute encampment went
 To get the captive maid :
 The order is : "The captives give
 To this white man's demand ;
 For who would let such outlaws live
 In peace, in any land !"
 This royal law, without reserve,
 Is sent without delay :
 But Princes must their rank preserve,
 Each Sachem have his say ;
 And so they parley for a pause,
 To talk the matter over,
 And see by what sage Indian laws
 To try this case of "plover."

SCENES LXX.

THE UTE COUNCIL ON THE RIO GRANDE ; OCTOBER 21, 1879.

(A CASE OF PLOVER.)

The Council met in mad conclave
 To seal the captives' fate,
 And show the white man Utes are brave,
 Their aggrieved "Nation " great !
 The scene is on Grand River * laid,
 And in a beauteous vale ;
 Near, snow-capped mountains lift their head ;
 The Autumn sun shines pale.
 So very pleasant is the place,
 That solemn Nature smiles,
 While waiting for this wicked race
 To ventilate their wiles ;
 Who, smeared with blood, and smoke and paint,
 And clad in dead men's clothes,

* Platteau Creek a branch of Grand River, Colorado, is sometimes given as the place.

Spend five full hours in fierce complaint,
Adorned with English oaths.
Though soldiers North and soldiers South,
And martyrs in the rear,
And frost in front with famished mouth,
Their quarters close appear,
They say: "We've some eight hundred souls,
Los Pinos several more;
And where the Uncompahgre rolls
Are hundreds just a score!
So we're a 'Nation,' you will see;
We treat with you like men;
Our captives can but women be—
With children, now and then—
Their sires and husbands though, we slew,
Because your soldiers † came;
We burned your buildings, too, a few,
But claim we're not to blame!
Why, we once seized on all the soil
Between the bounding seas,
And working races did so spoil
We could do as we please.
But since we've sold—to save our lives—
So much of our estate,
Thereon the threatening pale face thrives
And well-armed warriors wait.
Yet white men have not paid us all
They promised they would pay,
And Reservations, really small,
You now would take away.
You won't allow us equal laws
That would good faith fulfill,
But violate our very squaws

† The approach of soldiers to support Mr. Meeker's authority was made a pretext for the massacre; for they said: "Father Meeker will not obey us, and so we had to kill him; and the soldiers, too, if they unbidden cross our borders."

And waste us as ye will !
You change our forests into farms,
And say : ' Now plow and sow !'
And if ' gainst this we take up arms,
You swear : ' The Utes must go !'
Do ye despise us every day,
Defy us to our face,
And fancy we'll like fools obey,
And bow before your race ?
What if we've caught a few white squaws,
Indeed, whom you demand ;
' They're not a fraction in our cause :
We've claims on every hand !'
Thus spake Persune,* that potent Chief
Who showed his sheltering shield,
When Douglas dared Miss Meeker's grief,
But yet to him did yield.
Then this grand Douglas gravely rose—
Not from the grave in fact,
" The Little Giant," to propose
Another " Kansas Act ;"
Nor a Scotch King to lead his clan ;
But who, with flag at mast,
Ordered his scouts to kill the man
Who carried " Meeker's last." †—
[That note so trait-like and so true,
So beautiful, benign,

* Persune, who took Miss Meeker away from Chief Douglas, is made the first speaker here, because he is supposed to have felt the first interest in retaining the captives, and was perhaps the most fit in fearless capacity to define and defend the whole Indian cause. He was clad in dead soldiers' clothes—" pants with stripe," etc.

† Meeker's last letter was to Major Thornburg, the morning of the massacre, saying : " Douglas is flying the United States flag. I will come with him and another chief and meet you to-morrow." Its last sentence was the question : " Did you have any trouble in coming through the cañon ?" Cañon means a gorge, or deep, " dark valley." (See Ps. xxiii, 4.) Meeker met Thornburg the next day with a different Chieftain from Douglas.

It brings death's valley into view
By its last closing line.]
This chief—that outraged innocence
With brandished steel and threat—
He stands with stolid insolence,
The Ute high umpire yet.
He says : “ I've had great troubles sore,
Till the White River's red ;



THE SCENE ON THE RIO GRANDE.

But let my mountains bleed no more
Nor soldiers send us dread.
We've never made on women war,
Nor sought it for their sake ;
So, you must have what you're sent for,
But must this promise make,
That troops shall go, nor come again,
Till water will not run !"—

Here Adams says : "They shall remain
Till my demands are done !"

Next the "good Indian," Gordon's guest,

Who slew, the following day,

His host's dear brother, going west,

And got his goods away ;

The loafing curse, who last year killed

Poor Elliott in the park,

Because, forsooth, he simply willed

To shoot, and wished a mark,

And when his friendly victim fell,

His red tramps raised a shout—

A laugh full hoarse, like fiends from hell,

And then the Utes struck out ;

Yes, that ignoble Ute speaks now.

Hear pseudo Colorow's speech—

"Against improvements anyhow,"

No matter where they reach !

He says : "Your railroads run off game ;

Your armies do also ;

The sight of you soon does the same

To elk and buffalo.

For this the mountains we must fire,

To fetch us game again ;

And then as prisoners you require

The proudest of our men.

And you have sent soldiers to bind

Us, chiefs, in felons' chains ;

To which no Indian is inclined,

While he has breath or brains.

Hence we have shed some white men's blood ;

But we are not to blame !

Ye would not do as we said you should ;

And we must get our game !"

Here rose Chief Jack—a charger he,

A Prince in war-paint proud,

Who shot good men so gallantly
And now is boasting loud—
He says : “Your dictates would degrade
Us Chiefs to childish whites,
But we’ve much fires in forests made
To reaffirm our rights.
You mean to make us maintain schools,
And break up ground for bread,
As if we were a race of fools
With nothing in our head.
But we are all Ute Indian braves !
For us white schools no good ;
We’d like white squaws to live as slaves
And fix our furs and food.
We will be kind to them, because
They can both sew and cook,
So square accounts ; we ll keep your squaws,
But burn up every book !
We’re bound to keep the captives still
To bring us better terms ;
For that you’ve done us yet no ill
This policy affirms !”
Here Wapattits, and several more,
“All eager for the fray,”
Fly to their feet to “get the floor,”
And see what each can say ;
But he who first “Friend Meeker” shot
As the Mercurius stands
And cries : “I’d die upon this spot
Ere yield to these demands !
Why should we give up these white squaws,
Which we’ve let live too long?
By all our best laid Indian laws
We’ve done to them no wrong.
And this demand is false, no doubt ;
They’ll force us yet to fight ;

I know by sight what they're about ;
 To smite this man were right !
Who fear ! Doth life seem now so dear !
 Lo, does an Indian live,
Who dares not do this deed, for fear
 White Father'll not forgive ?
Let red men all arise as one
 And kill our common foe !
For Ute, Apache and Shoshone
 All said : ' Meeker must go ? ' ”
Here all applaud in high pow-wow,
 And make the mountains ring ;
Till Adams' guard, one Shevanow—
 And “every inch a King”—
Commanded, “ Silence ! ” and then said :
 “ We Southern Utes want peace !
You guilty dupes are good as dead !
 Our brotherhood must cease ! ”
Then Johnson*—childish doctor, Chief—
 Whose faithful squaw stands fast,
Arises here in horrid grief
 For what has lately passed ;
And from his rude, relenting breast,
 He pleads with friendly phrase
That they must make these captives blessed
 And some way win their praise.

* Chief Johnson was the “medicine man” who married Susan, and greatly to her chagrin and grief assaulted Mr. Meeker violently several days before the massacre, but afterward apologized and seemed penitent.

SCENES LXXI.

AN INDIAN WOMAN'S ELOQUENCE.

Just at this juncture Susan * came ;
And like a queen she felt
In her rich robes ; yet, large and lame,
With pistols in her belt,
Her heart was tender as a child ;
Her voice—a sister's love—
Was wondrous sweet and wierd and wild ;
'Twas bathed in Heaven above !



SUSAN—SHAWSHEEN.

With gesture suited to her word,
She by both hand and heart
So moved upon that savage herd
That tears were seen to start ;

* Mrs. Meeker says : " The Council was a stormy one. After hours of violent speeches, Mrs. Johnson (Susan) burst into the lodge, in a magnificent wrap, and demanded that the captives be set free, war or no war. He brother Ouray had so ordered, and she took the assembly by storm. She told the pathetic story of the captives, and advised the Indians to do as Ouray commanded, trusting to the mercy of the government. Gen. Adams then said he must have a decision at once. That settled it, and we were set free."—Greeley Tribune, November 12, 1879.

And while she made their cause her own,
The captives cried to Heaven,
And thrilled the centre of God's throne,
Till good escape was given.

SUSAN'S APPEAL FOR HER OPPRESSED WHITE SISTERS.

She said : " How heed ye not Ouray ?
He sent this white man here
To bid you this demand obey ;
The Great White Father fear !
I do denounce all ye have done
To rouse his mighty wrath ;
For, behold now his war's begun,
And pouring down our path.
With soldiers north, now settling near,
And fierce men south in force,
All waiting word from you to hear,
How can ye take this course ?
Five hours your reckless words have run
Opposing even Ouray—
'Till now the sad retiring sun
Doth take away the day !
Why would you wage unequal wars ;
With your white brethren break ?
Must I discover here my scars,
Borne from the burning stake ?
'Twas white men rescued me from red,
And saved my limping life ;
Then hurl your hatred on my head,
But spare the white man's wife !
How did they send me safe and far
To find my tribe and friends !
But ye take captives—as of war—
Whom 'The White Father' sends.
Nay : Ye have murdered their white men,
Who came to us most kind ;

And crime on earth hath never been
More cruel and more blind !
I've warned you oft against *the* crime
For which white men are sent
To live in prisons a long time,
Till they shall there repent !
I call to mind full many a scene
Which our traditions trace,
Where Indians have unrighteous been,
Brought ruin on their race ;
Where Christian wives and maids were kept
As lonely captives long,
Till swelling wrath arose and swept
Away both race and wrong ;
And now I warn you, do not let
Yon sun sink down in wrath :
You may be saved from ruin yet
By peace, your only path !

These captives, you can scarce conceive
How desolate they are !
Or how they for their kindred grieve,
And pine as in despair !
Their fathers, husbands, whom ye've slain,
Whose cries ring still in air,
All like a wandering wail remain,
An imprecating prayer !
I tell you, too, these pale-faced squaws
Are talked of tenderly
By far off friends, whose faithful laws
Shield life and liberty ;
And the Great Spirit speaks a woe
No stubborn Ute can stand :
' If you don't let these captives go,
At kind Ouray's command,
The Christians' God your guilt will know,
And fight on every hand ! ' "

As Susan thus their cause sustains,
With valiant, loving voice,
Glad Seraphs sing their glorious strains,
And all the Just rejoice ;
While bending Heavens around her shine,
And the Great Spirit there
Descends, with influence divine,
In answer to the prayer



MRS. NATHANIEL MEEKER.

Of captives, crying in their tent :
“ O Christ, come down to save ! ”
And soon in safety they are sent
Away—as from the grave !—
The mingling, tender, parting tears,
As on their breasts she wept,
Are treasured in God’s golden years,
And in His bottle kept. [Ps. lvi, 8.]

SCENES LXXII.
THE CAPTIVES' FLIGHT.

Along the old-time Indian trail
In Captain Cline's command,
Over mountain, hill and dale,
Behold the home-bound band !



Still trembling lest the untrue race
Should change once more their mind,
And for the fugitives give chase,
Just as their lust inclined.
Hurried by fear and flushed with hope,
The captives homeward fly,

Till they escape the savage scope
And Ouray's mansion spy.
Here "Father Meeker's" only son
Met mother, sister—saved !
The meeting is a matchless one,
Too glad to be engraved !
No words have power to illumine the page
Where such hearts meet and melt—
At Ouray's door, the savage sage—
The facts are seen and felt !
There kind Chopeta, calm and chaste,
Of Ouray squaw and Queen,
Receives them heartily, in haste,
With a wise woman's mien ;
Then on and on with horses fleet,
They fly, till, run by rail,
The Greeley households haste to greet
Them with exultant hail ;
And, home at last, the mother lies
Upon her bed of rest,
Watched by o'erjoyed yet weeping eyes,
And pillowed on the breast
Of filial love full blessed :
In home's sweet haven rest !

SCENES LXXIII.

TO THE MEMORY OF MISS JOSEPHINE MEEKER,

The heroic captive held by the cruel Utes, September, 1879. Born in Hiram, Ohio, January 28, 1859; died in Washington, December 30, 1882. Buried in Greeley, Colorado, January 5, A. D. 1883.

Lay her down tenderly, lovingly, tearfully;
 For she hath well done, and suffered so well;
 Hath cherished sad hearts, so hopefully, cheer-
 fully,
 'Mid tortures more cruel than Christians can
 tell;
 Hath met as a heroine menace so hateful,
 With courage so queenly it won her a crown
 Of life and good fortune that looks now so fateful,
 We mourn her more deeply as we lay her down,
 Enwreathed with fresh roses and fragrant re-
 nown.
 So faithfully joyous, so fearless, yet fragile;
 So constant and trusting, so kindly and true;
 So modestly skillful, with movements so agile;
 And genius and fancy, enjoyed in so few;
 With faith all triumphant, professions all truthful,
 And motives unquestioned by master or maid;
 With few years full freighted, yet feelings fresh,
 youthful,
 Most eager to render her old mother aid—
 How natural to wish now her death were
 delayed!
 But death owns all climates and all human classes;
 Exempts from his aim none—nay, aimeth at
 all—
 The children and chieftains, old ladies and lasses,
 Kings, queens and victors—he vanquisheth all;
 And “there’s no reprieve from this notable war-
 fare,”
 Nor favor, physician, nor friendship can save;

No brother, no patron, not President Arthur,*
 Can rescue this maiden, so brilliant and brave,
 For the pathways to glory all lead to the grave!
 She is dead! We have waited with sadness and
 weeping
 Till her corse its long journey, cold, silent,
 hath come,
 Where the kind widowed mother her watch still
 is keeping
 With a stricken sad heart in a strangely sad
 home.
 God bless the old lady! Go speak to her prayer-
 fully,
 With sisters and brother, and all them that
 mourn:
 Then take the corse tenderly, carefully, tearfully,
 Lay it 'mid flowers from stalks freshly torn,
 And cherish her crosses with Christian hope cheer-
 fully;
 Her spirit by the Angels to Heaven is borne!
 DENVER, Jan. 5, 1883.

* Miss Meeker held an important office in the Interior Department, and died of pneumonia, during President Arthur's administration. He was very kind to her, and sought her recovery to health.

SCENES LXXIV.

THE DEATH OF ARROW, OR CHIEF OURAY.

Ouray, who was long a sort of Duke in the Indian land, never fully recovered from the shock he felt over the fate of the Meeker family. He died apparently from the effect of his mental depression a few months before the departure of their tribe to the Territory of Utah. His success as an Indian farmer and intermediate friend of the Utes and whites will be found in the "Ouray Times" of 1878.



Ouray, or as translated, Arrow—
Bore fatally the late Ute war
Of savage deeds and died of sorrow,
Of pining spirit—pure despair,
For his own trusted, treacherous tribe;
Yet Utes and whites unite to weep
Before his bier, and fain would bribe
Away death's deep and wasteful sleep.
But like the lofty beetling pines
That draw the bolts down to their base
And shroud themselves on smoking shrines,
He fell before his forest race

A sacrifice by sudden fate

That leapt like lightning from the clouds
And laid his princely life prostrate
Before his mourning, faithful mate,
And wrapt his form in wreaths and shrouds.
He had indeed at heart desired

That bounteous industry abound,
And often spoke, as if inspired
With grace, to teach to till the ground ;
And, justly chosen Agent-Chief

For our Republic to his race,
He had obeyed his best belief

And planned in faith to fill his place—
Till grandeur graced his dying grief !
O, son of nature ! noble soul,

In whom both races had abode,
Whole continents helped thy control

And aimed to pay the debt they owed ;
For Congresses and Presidents,

And Governors of good degree,
Combined to pay thee compliments ;

And all the world will honor thee
As nature's own inheritance !
God bless thy race because they're thine ;
Chopeta bless with cheer benign ;
And God bless Susan, good Shawsheen !

SCENES LXXV.

A FINAL SONG FOR SUSAN—FAIR SHAWSHEEN.

(HOW "GOD-BLESS-SUSAN" WAS FIRST
GIVEN TO HER IN SONG.)

My soul with pride still sings the praise
Of Nature's noble heroine,
Whose heart still holds her hallowed days
And works so wisely wisdom's ways,
That, amid demons, she's divine !

When "Father Meeker" had been slain,
His wife and daughter deemed as slaves,
And held in lust's most hateful chain,
In peril, famine, fear and pain,
She (Lord bless Susan) loves and saves !
Aye, GOD BLESS SUSAN ! I will sing
And fill the song brimful of prayer ;
Let breath of Heaven to her heart bring,
Like carrier pigeons on the wing,
The holiest love of Heaven to her !
For mid the brawny madmen's brawl,
When Adams' effort almost fails,
And adverse fate seems down to fall
On the poor captives, one and all,
Her princely eloquence prevails.
Poor Madame Price and progeny,
Miss Josie Meeker, maiden fair,
And the old widow, she sets free,
Leads them all forth to liberty :
So, God bless Susan ! be our prayer.
Let calm old age come to her late ;
Full long preserve her prime of life ;
Let her's be peace and love's estate
And the Ute nation on her wait
For strength of faith to cease their strife !
Let "Uncle Sam's" United States
With generous impulse join to prove
How men still feel the Meekers' fates
By the Ute monsters—mad ingrates !
And Susan's more than sister's love !
Let every nation, kindred, race,
Have knowledge of her noble fame,
And mark the power of matchless grace
In this kind Indian woman's case,
And GOD-BLESS-SUSAN ! be her name.

SCENES LXXVI.

KING PSEUDO "COLOROW" SECOND.

"OLD COLOROW IS DEAD!"

As our best people all believe,
The Utes expelled themselves by sin ;
Yet renegades yearn to receive
Kind welcomes back our bounds within.
One such "poor savage"—Simon pure—
King Colorow Second, sometimes called—
Was a usurper, we are sure,
Whom the "Ute Nation" ne'er installed.
This man that made fierce mountain fires,
And was, at best, as those who're but
The worthless sons of worthy sires,
And was no kin to Konkaput—
When last he came across the line
Of Colorado—his dear land—
That shall his ancient name enshrine,
He hurled afar his fire-brand !
Soon the whole State he startled so,
It seemed as if another siege
Were bursting up from worlds below,
And ambushed on each beetling ledge ;
Till willing thousands soldiers went,
Into this dire Ute Indian war, (?)
"A hundred thousand dollars" spent
For "Uncle Samuel" to pay for.
They felt such fear where troops once fell,
The Adjutant—one General West—
Wired hot these words : * "We'll give them hell !"
Reserving for ourselves the rest.
This seemed as if the "Western Sea"
Were deemed too good to be their grave,

* That was General West's exact dispatch sent to Governor Alva Adams, his appointer and patron, and is very suggestive of the spirit of wars of expulsion generally.

And that a bloodless victory
 Old Colorow's life alone could save ;
 And so he trudged to his Ute friends
 Where soon a fever sealed his fate.
 And thus the "Colorow" Kingship ends
 That named our new Centennial State,
 On which millions of white men wait ;
 And every year millions expends !

THE BARBAROUS RACE SHALL RISE AND SHINE.
 "A NOVEL BEAUTY."

A Washington correspondent in the winter of 1881-2 wrote :
 "At the Garfield tea party, held in the Rotunda of the Capitol,
 there was one beautiful stranger who excited every one's interest.
 She was tall, exquisitely slender and graceful, with fine,
 delicate features, a creamy complexion and eyes and hair like
 midnight. She was a Princess of the Cherokee Nation, with a
 soft, musical name of that dialect. She is wife of a wealthy
 Indian farmer and one of the most beautiful women in the
 world. She wore also just the dress an experienced artist would
 have put her in as most fit."

The barbarous race shall rise in beauty,
 Admired among the gay and grand,
 Created new by Christian duty,
 From last, first owners of the land.
 Like coral islands in mid ocean
 Shall even Ute abjects yet appear,
 Restored to life by love's devotion
 That toileth upward, year by year.
 • We've seen some samples of the savage
 Transformed by truth and faith and trust,
 And rising from that fearful ravage
 That doomed whole races to the dust ;
 Some pleasing flowers plucked from the forest,
 And nourished but by native blood,
 Among all beauteous forms the fairest—
 Children of Nature and of God.
 No longer squaws of squalid foemen,
 In desolation doomed to roam,

We welcome you as wives of yeomen
Who cheer their heart and cheer their home,
And standing even by men of Honor
In the Rotunda of the realm,
The model wife, with wisdom on her,
That cheers even Statesmen at the helm.
How mighty is this movement moral,
That "turns a savage to a saint ;"
That builds its reef of beauteous coral,
Where ages past have poured their plaint,
Like tears of woe in wind tossed oceans,
Till silent, soft, serene and slow,
The toil untold of Christian nations
Doth build up beauteous from below !

SCÈNES LXXVIII.

AN ODE TO PAULINA, THE INDIAN PARAGON.

"The devout and loving wife of a young army Lieutenant, she died in child-bed, and was buried by her father, Chief Spotted Tail, with special ceremonies. She was, indeed, very beautiful in form and spirit, and her sufferings and death were occasions of general and intense sorrow."—(See Rocky Mountain News, September 4, 1881.)

O beauty rare, of rudeness born,
As fresh as air on wings of morn,
As free of care as echoing horn,
That farmers hear o'er fields of corn,
When maidens kind them homeward call !
As chaste as Pliny's cherished wife,
As loving as Lucretia's life,
And strangely adverse to all strife
As if thou 'rt grown the Graces* all ;

* The Greek "Three Graces" were Aglaia, "a shining one ;" Thalia, "the mirthful one," and Euphrosune, "the well-minded one." Brilliant, witty and well-meaning, therefore, must be the maiden or madame who impersonates them, and Paulina is said to have naturally possessed all these qualities in a remarkable degree. It is not strange the Lieutenant was captivated by her in spite of his own people's opposition. Yet the Christian Graces add a still nobler charm.

O child of nature, charmed by one
Who knew thine equals even none,
As bright and beaming as the sun
When glad Aglaia glows to run

The hour-glass rounds of earnest glee ;
Of Brightness taught—that brilliant elf—
And quick of thought as Thalia's self,
And well disposed, disdaining pelf,

As fair and fond Euphrosune !

O pure Paulina ! patient bride,
Like dead Faustina thou hast died ;
And buried near thee, by thy side,
Thine infant's life, to be thy guide

Where babes are borne, safely above !
May it not be the blessed Name
Of Him whose blood blots out all blame
Hath come to thee whence trothal came,

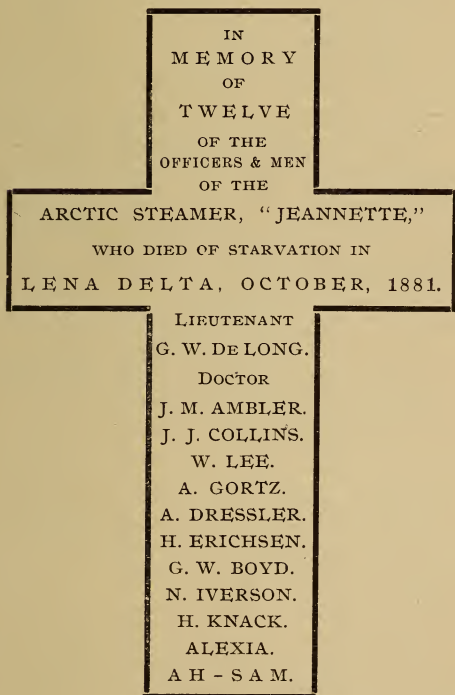
And God's embrace gives brighter love ?
Let heathen hearts beat hard in grief !
Let savage love seek sore relief,
From choicest grains garner the sheaf,
Bringing its gifts as garlands brief,

And lay them by thy bed so lone !
Let beauteous steeds close by thee stand,
Lie implements by either hand ;
But choicer be "the cherub band "

That comes to thee at Christ's command,
To bear thy babe before His throne
And seal it there thy Savior's own !

SCENES LXXIX.

AH-SAM BY THE ARCTIC SEA : THE MOST INDUSTRIOUS
AND LAST TO DIE AT LENA DELTA.



"AH-SAM;"

AND THE ARCTIC EXPLORERS' DYING SCENE.

Ah-Sam, the name that's last enrolled
At Lena Delta, on the cross
That marked the monumental loss
Of twelve explorers, true and bold,
Is worthy of pathetic song

In honor of the human race
And of the cold and cheerless place
Where slept with him the brave De Long.

'Tis fit the cross's towering form
Should vindicate those valiant names
All radiant, as oriflammes,
From hearts in winter zones so warm
That half the world is set aglow
With admiration for the braves
Who, starving into storied graves,
Bore side by side such bitter woe.

That Ah-Sam leapt "the Chinese wall"
To find and love some foreign land
And in her lot of labor stand
And with her fearless heroes fall,
And have among their names his own—
Though last and least it there appears—
Entitles him to share our tears
When weeping o'er them all so lone.

Brave men, indeed, who dared endure
So many perils to explore
The frozen realms ne'er reached before,
In hope such knowledge to secure
As should enrich the races all,
And bear down into distant time
The service of their faith sublime—
Aye, brave men all, who thus can fall!

Nor have they died indeed in vain!
Nor did their expedition fail;
Though not a ship should ever sail
Upon the "open northern main,"
Or e'en attempt to find again
The long-suspected Arctic sea
In every season safe and free,
Unbound by the Borean chain.

It's worth a hundred lives indeed
To show a courage of such kind,
By several races so combined,
And under scientific lead.
Yet, mark how feeble Science is
Before such forces and such fates,
Where frost on famine, fiend-like, waits,
And Death demands all hands as his!

A little knowledge now might save
By turning hope to either hand,
Where they could ample food command;
But this great lack led to the grave.
So little ignorance! so great!
That from their hands near succor hid,
Doth oft to men life's means forbid,
And fix, alas, their fearful fate!

The saddest of all scenes to me
Is where De Long near plenty wrote,
Mid dying men, this dismal note:
"We breakfasted on willow tea;
All joined in the Lord's Prayer, and cried;
Alexy, Lee," even nine, "are dead;
Collins is dying!" the last read—
De Long, and then poor Ah-Sam died!
Not far from bread they're starved and dead!

What fearful pictures fancy paints!
In Arctic snows where their tears froze,
Their wet eyes close on all earth's woes;
Their last life faints in feeble plaints,
And from that scene each breeze that flies
Along the coast of current years
Shall bring afresh those frozen tears,
And wake them warm in weeping eyes—
Where Ah-Sam lingers last and dies!

And labor, such as his, shall last,
And to his race his humble name
Shall lend a lustre of true fame,
Till Hope shall e'en her halo cast
That "work" shall somehow win the way
For the poor, heathen Chinese race
To find—a few—some fitting place,
Even here, to start upward and stay!

SCENES LXXX.

CAPTAIN JACK'S FINAL KEY-NOTE FOR THE CONTINENT.

"Meeker say: 'Ute must work!' Utes say 'Meeker plow no more!' Ute no work, no like work! Ute no school; Ute hate school! Ute fight; Ute heap o' fight!" [Chief Jack to Major Steele just before the Meeker massacre.]

The Nation's issue's now defined;
Ute Jack has uttered it just right;
All Indians not to work inclined,
Have in their heads "a heap o' fight!"
This key-note's for the Continent:
The proud Centennial State proclaims
With clarion voice and clear intent,
In each of the Almighty's names,
That savage men must civilize,
Or meet the fate their murders' due,
For 'tis decreed that people dies
That will not be both wise and true.
The written axiom is real
That "men shall work or shall not eat,"
For passions make their worst appeal
To those that would this law defeat;
And for our Government to give
Its substance up to savage men,
That they in laziness may live,
But makes them worse than would have been.
As in the late slave-holders' war
Free labor and free schools did face

The folly they were fighting for,
Till Lincoln freed the laboring race ;
The Nation's key-note soundeth now
The issue clear, both far and near,
White, red and black must read and plow,
Or race and place must disappear !

(AND THIS IS PHILANTHROPIC).

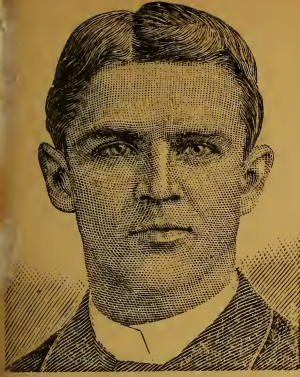
For let us see ; philanthropy
Is love for all mankind as one !
It longs to bless with liberty
Each oppressed race beneath the sun.
It ne'er the greater to the less—
The good to ill—doth sacrifice,
Except thereby to overbless
With good from evil in disguise.
The just for the unjust still die—
(So Jesus died for justice's sake)—
That all who hear their dying cry
May of their precious mind partake.
The cruel in their acts of crime,
Indeed, may "know not what they do,"
But in the turning leaves of time
They so unvail and bring to view
The evil deeds that vice hath done,
That other lives look on aghast ;
And so to wiser service won
They live philanthropists at last.
These with a zeal like Zinziba's,
Or Konkaput, the kingly Ute,
Or Borgia's benignant cause
Or Susan's daring in dispute,
Would give their lives, in peace or wars,
To show what time shall ne'er refute
That justice mends what malice mars
Through Mercy, God's dear attribute !

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